BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1854.

TERMS, SO OF PER ANNUM.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

JUGGLER OF NANKIN:

THE GRANDEE'S PLOT.

A Story of the Celestial Empire.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

CHAPTER I.

FON a fair, warm, and in mispring, near the Bund, at In Mapping, near the Bund, at In Mispring, near the Bund, at In Mispring, near the Bund, at In International Control of the International Control of C

male stand.

Paul's companion—he in the court dress—was Lord Archibald Sumpter, an elderly man, who had charge, for the time, of the British consulate in Shanghai.

"I should think," said Sumpter, in furtherance of a conversation which had been going on but a five minutes, "that you would rather return now to England. Your father's estates are ready for you, and I know that honor and respect will be yours as soon as you assume the position which belongs to you in the kingdom. Come, you have spent years enough in this empire of fat and folly—why not seek the home of

your birth, where you have warm-hearted relatives still living:"

"No, no—not yet," relied the youth, showing by his manner that he was affected by his friend's kindess. Not yet, my lord. Between the Taso lake and Fou-tehing-yo, away beyond Nankin, there are some temples of Fo which I must visit. I have heard such wonderful accounts of them from the Buddhist priests that I have determined to see them if the thing is possible."

"It will be a dangerous undertaking," said Sumpter, with a dubious shade of the head. "A few miles back from here it is safe enough to travel, but when it comes to a few hundreds the case is different. Do you remember Lord Buxton:"

"The Lord William Buxton:"

"Yee,"

"Yee,"
"I'remember him well. He was my father's friend."

"Well," resumed Sumpter, "he thought to

"Yes."
"I remember him well. He was my father's friend."
"Well," resumed Sumpter, "he thought to travel, and you perhaps know the result? He was most cruelly murdered, and, his mangled body sent to the English government at Hong Kong."
"Yes," said Paul, with a slight shade of sadness upon his features, and speaking in a lower tone, "I remember all about it, for I was at Hong Kong at the time, and I attended Lord William's functual. I shall never forget how I loved him, for he was kind to me when I was a boy, and he ministered to my father in his dying hour. I wept, my lord, when I stood by the noble Buxton's fate, and give up this projected tramp!"
"Then why not take warning by Lord Buxton's fate, and give up this projected tramp!"
"Ah Sie Archibheld, you know those were

ton's fate, and give up this projected tramp!" inquired Sumpter.

"Ah, Sir Archibald, you know those were troublous times when Lord Buxton was killed. Things are different now. We are not only as peace with China, but the people here stand, in fear of offending our government. If you can get me that letter from the governor. of Shanghai Ishall feel myself in no danger, for I know that part of the way I can pass as a vertiable Chinaman. I speak the language well, and I surely look almost brown enough for a Celestial."

"But your hair—and your eyes."

"Ah, a wig will cover the first, and the second I can squint into rome sort of conservatism. But if I can have the letter from the Shanghai grander, I shall feel under no apprehension, for no one will dare to molest me with such a protection about my person. Don't you think you can get the letter !"

"Yea, I think I can. I have done the gov-

tion about my person. Don't you think you can get the letter 9"
"Yes, I think I can. I have done the gov-roro some favors, and I feel sure that he will grant me the boon I have asked for you. He may send it off by Tai-tsong, the old mandarin of whom you have heard me speak. But yet I would urge you to give it up."
"No, no, my lord," returned Paul, with a weak smile. "I think it is almost a fate that I should visit the old Buddhist temples of Foutching.yo. It was there that tradition says that Wonti found the water of life. Have you ever heard the story 3"
"No,"

Wonti found the water of life. Have you ever heard the story? ""

"No."

"This Wonti was a prince of the blood. He sought the water of life, and the god Buddha, at Fou-tchingy, gave it to him: He lived three hundred years, and at the end of that time he lost the nexer-failing phila which contained the liquid. All search proved fruitless, and he went back after more, but before he reached the tember of the liquid. He was sainted, however, for his old age, and a wooden image of him is now kept in the same temple where Buddha first smiled upon him. I have had some most strange dreams about that same temple. Have dream-ed, I know not how many times, that I found he water of life three, and also that the great Joss gave it to me; and I have dreamed that I found there a flower whose bloom was perpetual, and which gave to its possessor eternal health and beauty. These dreams are continually upon me since I first thought of visiting the place. Something seems to bid me go."

"A mere chimera of a youthful brain," said Sumpter, with a smile.

"It may be so," returned Paul; "but nevertheless I am resolved to go."

Here the conversation was broken in upon by the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle, and upon looking shoreward our two friends saw a mandarin's barce putting off. They knew.that these were high functionaries who had been invited to visit the ship, so they left the poop and went down to the mainmast. All work was at once put aside, the men were called to quarters, and the mariners were drawn up in single sign and the mariners were drawn up in single sign and the mariners were drawn up in single sign and three mandarins came over the side. The officers of the frigate removed their caps, and the Celestial grandees bowed and scraped most prodigiously.

"There is Tai-tsong," whispered Lord

prodigiously.
"There is Tai-tsong," whispered Lord

Sumpter.

"Ay—I see him," returned Paul. "I hope he has the letter."

"—sh! He is coming this way. He has recognized us."

cognized us."

Sumpter was right, for the old mandarin was waddling towards the spot with his face all beaming with fat smiles and mysterious winks, and from the quain tobobing of his head it was orident that he had something to communicate, so his lordship left Paul standing near the mainmast and approached the mandarin.

"A letter for you," said Tai-tsong, fumbling beneath his long blue robe.

abore. He sought the apartments he had pre-viously occupied in the foreign settlement, which was without the walls of the Chinese town, and here he began to prepare for his journey. He felt much elated by his good fortuse in having obtained the passport, for he knew that his jour-ney would now be rendered comparatively se-care from harm.

ney would now be rendered comparatively secare from harm.

By the time it was dusk the youth had nearly
verything ready, and as the shades of evening
began to deepen he sat down by his window and
gazed out upon the waters of the Woosung.
For a while he thought of the journey he was to
make, and with that thought came the strange
dreams that had of late visited his hours of sleep.
Slight as they may have appeared when told to
other ears, yet they had much influence upon
him. He could not drive them from him, nor
could he separate them from a certain dim, undefinable idea of fate which had taken possession
of his mind.

In this mood Paul Ardeen grew sad and
downcast—not unhappy—but only perraded by
a sort of calm melaneholy. He thought of times
that were past—of times when he had a mother
to love him and care for him. He remembered
when that good, kind mother died—of standing
by the green turf that arose above her grave, and
of kneeling upon that grave and weeping. He
was a boy then. Ere long his wandering thoughts
ran on the scene when his father died—he remembered how looked that pale and sunken.

cover that it was not his own skin. From it top of this depended a thick; glossy braid black hair which reached nearly to the inner si of the knees. When Paul surveyed himself the mirror he was really astonished at his ownextamorphosis. He howed to himself, and at act Chinese to himself, and he could not he laughing outright to see the counsel cut of a second self in the mirror. He secured his mon in a small bag which he lung over his rig shoulder, and then he carried concealed beneh is vest a pair of double-barrelled pistols. Thus equipped, Paul set out. At the dance of about ten miles from the city he street her view again, and here he hiered a houtman carry him on towards the great take of Tai-he In reached the borders of the lake on the eving of the second day, having travelled not

He nached the borders of the lake on the eving of the second day, having travelled not from seventy-five miles. Here he found a savillage, inhabited mostly by peasants, and casily obtained food and lodgings at the rou dirty inu which was kept spen for travellers the lake fishermen who might be forced in the by sadden storms.

It was not quite sundown when ached this inn. He had taken a di reached this inn. He had taken a drink of ten, and was quietly smoking his pipe, when he was aroused by the sharp tinkling of bells and the yells of men and boys in the yard. "What does that all mean?" he asked of the fat, greasy host, who sat on an old carved lounge making only.

"O, that's Ye-6b-li, the great Juggler of Nathin," replied the host, lifting himself with difficulty from his seat, and waddling towards the window that overlooked the yard. "The greatest man of the time," the obese publican resumed, after he had placed himself comfortably against he low stood of the open window. "He can do things that make the great Tea-tan look attonished. He counts the stars, and holds the comets by their tails. He makes money where there is no monor, and he makes the rice grow our ocks. See, he is going to please the See, he is going to please the women and children."

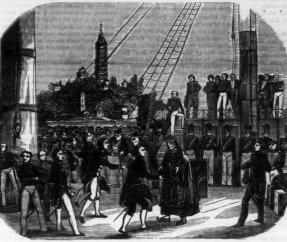
Paul remembered that he had card of this Ye fo hi-that he

women and children."

Peul remembered that he had heard of this Ye fo shi-that he had heard shim spoken of in Shanghai as a most wonderful man, and he had a great curiouity to see him. So he arose and went out into the yard, and there he found the object of wonder just arranging his implements for exhibition. The juggler was a quanti-looking man, to begin with. He was very tall and stout, and much had made him so His face was somewhat wrinkled with age, but his step was very tall and stout, and much had made him so His face was somewhat wrinkled with age, but his step was yet bold and firm. His large, angular, black eyes sparkled with intensity as he gazed about him, and his long, bruided moustache helped to give mark to his features. In dress he was odd ronded with curious devices, such as birds, serpents, dregons, and my-terious characters which himself could translate. Upon the top of his conticul cap was perched a zix headed hydra curved from wood, and then his long queue was ormenented with little gods doone in greating him more closely the beholder was sure to be stricken with a kind of awe, for there was something about the strange man that was not to be laughed at, nor yet trifled with; and then his eye—that keen, quieb or boffer—when that rested upon you the effect was almost electrical. not to be laughed as, nor yether his eye—that keen, quick orb of fire—we that rested upon you the effect was alrelectrical.

that rested upon you the circlet was almost cleertrical.

At length his little table was arranged, and for some time he performed curious little tricks just to amuse the children and women. He made little balls dance in the air, drew long dragons out from little nut-shells, wore silk from the rind of a pomegranute, and made two short scitcks dance on his table. But this did not seem at all congenial to his tastes, and he evidently did it more for the purpose of gaining the good will of the people than from any self-interest. After the saties had done dancing he took an egg from a small box by his side, and put it into a cotton bag. This he shook and pounded upon the edge of the table till the egg appeared to have been pretty essentially smashed up, and then be opened the bag and began to take thereform little square cakes of candy which he distributed amongst the children. The youngsters



THE MANDARIN PRESENTING THE GOVERNOR'S LETTER.

"From the governor?" asked Sumpter.
"Yes," returned the mandarin, drawing forth
yellow packet bearing a great red seal; and
Sumpter put out his hand to receive it.

SEE ENGRAVING.

[SEE ENGRAYING-]
Tai-tsong winked and smiled more than ever when he placed the letter in Sumpter's hand, and by his manner he plainly indicated that the matter must be kept as secret as possible, for, as he afterwards explained, the governor was afraid that other foreigners might want favors of a like kind, and he dared not grant any more. The mandarius remained on board the ship nearly an hour, and after they were gone Sumpter handed the letter to Paul, and having sought a place secure from observation he opened it. It was a strip of tough yellow paper, containing a column of Chinese hieroglyphics, and Paul quickly decylphered them. They were to the effect that the bearer was a pions missionary, and that Buddha would protect him in his journeyings, and it bore the governor's own signature. Both the youth and Sumpter smiled as

neyings, and it loss the governor so with square. Both the youth and Sumpter smiled as they read it.

"Never mind," said Paul, after he had read it the second time, "it has a little deception in it, but I will use it, even though I be taken for a Buddhist priest."

"It will server you, certainly," returned his lordship, "for few of the people would dare to trample upon the protection of a powerfal mandarin. Now you can go and visit the curiosities you wish to see, and then I hope you will return to England and write a book, for you must surely possess a great fand of information."

Paul Ardeen smiled a reply, and shortly afterwards he took leave of the officers of the frigate, whose guest he had been, and returned to the

cheek—how the dying noble blessed his son and left him with an inheritance of honor. All this Paul Anleen remembered; and he remembered, too, that he had no brother nor sister to share with him the griefs of his orphanage—that he had no near relatives to bless him. Relatives, to be sure, he had, relatives who might love and cherish him—but he remembered them not; the most he could remember was that which he had lost.

But before the youth retired he cheered him-self up with the rediection that he was about to add to his stock of knowledge—that he was about to visit a section of the empire that he had long had a desire to see—and he thought that when this was done, he would go back to his home in Old Rogland. But even here his thought was not clear, for, think as he would at that lone hour, that same dim, undefinable image came up from the unexplored future.

THE JUGGLER

THE SUGALER.

On the following morning Paul Ardeen was ready to set out upon his journey. He had dressed himself in a thorough Chinece garb—the long blue vest or robe, reaching nearly to his feet, confined at the waist by a silken cord, from which was suspended a knife and a pair of chopsticks. The drawers were of linen, the boots of stout silk, and the cap was of the usual pyramidal form, lined with satin, and covered with nearly wrought cane, having at that for dra hiar at the top which nearly covered it. The youth had folded his own hair nearly up out of sight, and above it he wore a flesh-colored skull-cap of such exquisite finish and fit, that a very close examination would have been required to dis-

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word from the juggler they began to disperse.

As soon as the children were most of them gone, Ye-6-bi packed up his implements, and then turned towards the inn.

"Who among you would look into the future?" he asked; for several men had collected about the door. "Who would like to see that which is now hidden from you? I can tell you that which is, and that which is to come."

No one seemed inclined to profit by the juggler's offer, and ere long his gaze rested upon our here. The latter was startled as he met those keen, black eyes, for he could not help it; but yet he did not aver his gaze, nor did he exhibit any perturbation.

"You, sir," said Ye-6-hi, coming nearer to

but yet ne did not aver in gaze, nor da ne ex-hibit any perturbation. "You, sir," said Ye-fo-li, coming nearer to Paul, and looking him steadily in the face, "you should let me draw your horoscope."
"I am not anxious," replied the youth, not at all desirous of being made the centre of observation.

observation.

"But I will tell you nothing to your disadvantage. If I see storms and clouds over your way I will keep them from you. I will not draw your full horsocope. I will only read the face. It is a great truth which I have learned, young sir, that men's fortunes are written upon their faces. The secret is there—every act of life-leaves a light for a shade upon the face, though few can read the mystic scroll. I shall tell you what I see in your face."

"No, no, not now," uttered Paul, betraying a little terpletation, and at the same time trying to get his face as much into the shade as possible. In truth he began to fear that the juggler might really possess some strange power, and he had reason for whishing that his secrets might be kept in his own bosons.

"Ye-fo-hi insisted no more, but turned his attention to a fisherman who had moved towards him, and Paul Ardees scied the opportunity to go back into the house, where he relighted his pipe, and then ast down in one corner away from the light of the window. His true character had not yet been discovered, and though he felt much confidence in his disguises, yet be thought it best to conceal his features as much as possible without seeming to design it. Twilight was already upon the scene, and soon the darkened shades began to gather around. The host lighted a couple of candles, and as they chased away the gloom our hero busied himself in reading a book of prayers which he found hanging from a peg near him. He had been engaged in this way about half an hour when he found that some one was sitting close by his side. He turned, and found the juggler gaing intently upon him. There was an exclamation of anger upon his lips, but he did not speak it, for an instant's reflection told him that he had better not run the risk of making an enemy.

"Do you wish for anything," he juggler gaing intendly upon him. There was an exclamation of anger upon his lips, but he did not speak it, for an instany, they upon fast great was my power. You need not feat, for we are alo

Paul started, for he saw that the juggler had as least discovered his secret.

"You need not fear," resumed Ye-fo-hi, "for I never divilege that which comes to ince through my power of divination. It was but a single glance that told me you were not of this country. But that is nothing. I suppose you have your reasons for thus moving."

"Only that I whit to see the country, and in this guise I thought I should be more free from annoyance."

"But you are not wholly safe if you intend to

travel far."
"I have a passport from the governor of

Shanghai."

"Ah, that alters the matter. One like you can afford to travel, for I see that you are alone in the world. Am I got right?"

"I have no parents, nor brothers or sisters,"

can afford to travel, for I see that you are alone in the world. Am I got right "

I have no parents, nor bothers or sisters," returned Paul, somewhat surprised.

'I knew it. The heart once shocked writes its tale upon the face. I read it all there. But your past life has little in it of startling moment. The great points of experience, save such as make mourners, lie in the future. Even now there is a cloud upon your brow, and you are going where it is dark."

Paul looked upon the speaker in wonder. It was not so much the words that moved him as it was the manner in which they were spoken. A strong hand seemed to press hard upon him, and his heart beat with a cultier motion as the light of his companion's eyes continued to gleam upon him. There was something in their dark depths that seemed mystic, and which spoke to him in an unknown tongue.

"This may be a moment which high heaven has marked out in both our lives," resumed the juggler, speaking very slowly. "Many years ago it was told to me that a foreigner should erross me in my line of fate—not that he should disturb me, but that his sow line of life should mingle strangely with mine. I feel a presentiment that the prediction was true, and why may not the saying be fulfilled in you! I feel that it is so."

is so."

Somehow Paul was becoming bewildered.
Those eyes seemed to have a fascinating power, and his mind was running into strange wagaries.
There came a doubt to his thoughts, and he feared that the juggler was exercising some keeish

art upon him—else why should he feel as he did t
Why should his heart beat so lowly, and his
pulse seem to stand still? He gazed fixedly into
the man's face, but he did not speak,
"I think you are going to Fou-tching-yo!"
the juggler said, without seeming to notice that
the youth did not answer him.
"What makes you think so!" asked Paul,
giving more importance to his commanion's sur-

A unture you are going to Fout-ching-yo "I be juggler said, without seeming to notice that the youth did not answer him.

"What makes you think so " asked Paul, giving more importance to his companion's surmise than perhaps there was any ground for.

"Because there are some curious things there for the stranger to behold." And as the old man thus spoke he bowed his head and seemed to engage in his own deep thoughts. "Go, go, kere," he added, raising his head quickly, as though some sudden thought had seised him. You will be repaid for your trouble."

At this juncture the host came lumbering into the room, and the conversation was dropped. The juggler moved his seat farther away from the youth, and soon entered into a talk with the publican. For some time Paul sat in the corner and gased upon the face of the strange being who had so worked upon him, and the more be gased the more be wildered he became. There was a sort of dim, secret dread working in his mind, and he felt that the sooner he got rid of the sorcerer the freer he should be from harm. He did not absolutely fear him, but he dreaded his influence—just as a stout man dreads the darkness of the cold, will morass. The influence was chilling—it was unpleasant. And yet Paul Ardeen could not resist the dall charm that was at work upon him.

At length, however, he was relieved. The host had eaten and smoked so much opium that he became stupid and sleepy, and Ye-6-hi left him and quitted the apartment, not, however, without having first given our hero another keen, searching glance. [Shortly afterwards Paul the sand the summar of the him and quitted the apartment, not, however, without having first given our hero another keen, searching glance or rest. He threw off the fifthy bedding from the frame, and laid down upon the finely woven can upon which the mattress had rested, making a pillow of his cap and pouch. He was futigated, and he soon the him and quitted the apartment, not, however with his finger, and it changed to an any and as under the influence of

CHAPTER III.

THE RUINED TEMPLE. A MYSTERY.

On the following morning, Paul was up before any of the laxy inhabitants were stirring, and as he did not dare to disturb the host he took a stroll down by the margin of the lake. In half anhour he went back, and having found one of the boys up he settled for his fare. He did not stop, for he did not wish to see Ye-fo-hi again. The dreams of the pess night, added to the experience of the evening before, had made such an impression upon his mind that he could not think of the juggler without a shudder. He tried to argue with himself that the feeling was unjust, but it was of no use—the doubt was engrafted upon his mind, and there is remained.

Again the young adventures rought the shore of the lake, and after some search he found a small, bargelike junk, the captain or which agreed to take him across. The distance to be sailed was not far from fifty miles. After much crying and stumping the captain managed to arouse his sleepy crow, which consisted of four men and a boy, and in half an hour more the anchor was hauled inboard and the sails set. The wind happened to be fair, and at length our here had the astifaction of seeing the roof that covered the juggler grow dim in the distance. At the end of two hours the shores had become indistinct and cloudithe, and as there was no more scenery worth seeing. Paul crept into the low bunk to sleep, for the wakefulness of they previous night left him dull and droway. When he awoke twas past noon, and the captain had called him to dinner. He ate some of the rice, drank some tea, and then went off to smoke, for he carried his own pipe and tobacco, and he smoked more for the purpose of making company for himself than from a fixed habit.

It was near night when the junk reached the section to five four head he captain a sum equal to about three shillings. Paul went on shore, and then the junk reached the watern coast of the lake, and having paid the captain a sum equal to about three shilling. Paul went on shore, and the at night he

and, save the juggler, no one seemed to have discovered that he was not what he appeared to be.

The road which he travelled was a wide, well-beaten horse-path, and he knew there was no danger of losing his way. Near the middle of the forenoon he came to a small collection of mean cottages, and having stopped here just long enough to rest himself and witness the metaled filthiness of the people, he moved on again. Before him lay a long, high hill, upon the top of which he could see a single building. When the sau was at its meritain, he had gained the summit of the hill, and here he stopped to gaze upon the seen that lay spread out to his view. Away in the distance, to the right, lay the town of Fourt-thing-yo, with its single pagoda, and surrounding mass of low peaked roofs, the town of Fourt-thing-yo, with its single pagoda, and surrounding mass of low peaked roofs, but he deep valley at his feet, lay a seene that made his heart beat quicker. There were numerous temples, and nearly all of them in ruins. The ruins were not so stupendous as to strike one with awe; but they were strange and marvel-

lous, exhibiting a style of architecture which, if it lacked in mastive symmetry, more than made it up in originality of design and exquisiteness of faths.

At length our traveller began to descend the hill. At the foot, and near the temples, ran a mail stream of water, across which was thrown a bridge of bamboo. This our hero crossed, and ere long he became lost anid the ruiss. On all hands, and in the most perplexing disorder, lay slabs of ranche, blocks of porcelain, huge columns of granice, images in wood and stone, and glided and painted good of every description. Amongst the ruins of the largest temple, Paul found a Buddhist joss, or idol, near fifty feet in length. It had been tumbled from its pedeats, and now lay out at full length upon the stone floor. It was an image of Baddha, and the fine gilding was yet in its place where the weather had not beat upon it.

Before Paul thought of the light of time, the afternoon had flown away, and the first that recalled him to a sense of his situation was the presence of twilight. As yet he had thought of the noplace to sleep. He had noticed some small houses upon the opposite slope of the hill, but he knew not whether he could find accommodations there. He had provisions enough with him for his supper and breakfast, and after revolving the master over in his mind for some time, he resolved to past the night among the ruins. He examined his pistols before it became quite dark, and having loxed out a comfortable place in which to sleep, and marked for the part of the place which he had marked for his night's rest. It was been the night and the submidge about amongst the quaint ruins. At length, however, he legan to glow a submidge was the submidge and the night and the submidge and the night and the place which he had marked for his night's rest. It was been the night and the place with the power of the carmod the place of the carmod the night with the place which he had marked for his night was presented by the place which he had marked for his night was the place

awifity away up the hill. As soon as they were out of sight he came down from his place of observations, and commenced walking up and down the stone parenner. The scene he had witnessed was not only strange, but to him it held out a peculiar interest.

Teal Ardeen had long held the desire to visit these ruins—for there were strange tales connected with them which had been whispered into his easy; and being naturally of a bold, energetic disposition, with a lore of adventure, and, maybe, a fair share of cariosity, he had determined, het he risk be what it might, to make the trial. Since the resolution had been formed, he had had any quantity of presentiments, and hence it is no subject of marvet that he should be upon the rack of curiosity after what had now happened. So he walked up and down among the dingry relies of Baddha, and while he walked he resolved that he would solve the mystery if it lay in his power. Three might be danger in the undertaking, but he cared not for that. He had set his soul upon the task, and no other thought came to make any strong opposition.

As soon as it was daylight our hero went down to the stream and washed himself; and having caten his sounly pone the task, and no other thought came to make any strong opposition.

As soon as it was daylight our hero went down to the stream and washed himself; and having caten his sounly pone the had, seen oppened. The rock was a sort of hard, fiinty granite, and carred with various mystic devices. Paul knew that among some of these carvings mass be the joint of the movable piece; but he could not find it. He put the point of his kniff into every visible angle and turn, but he could find no no move history to the could not find it. He put the point of his kniff into every visible angle and turn, but he could find no no move the state of the other temples, and in this occupation he took up the time until noon. Paul now felt faint and hungry, and he turned his steps towards the cots he had seen on the opposite hill. They were about a mile distant

STORT OF THE TEMPLES-AN ADVENTURE.

STORY OF THE TEMPLES—AN ADVENTURE.

WHEN Paul reached the dwellings, he found them to be bamboo buts, thatched with coarse grass and strips of tailow-tree bark. They were dirty, filthy-looking holes, but he selected the one that seemed the least objectionable, and having approached the door, he found it occupied by a middle-aged man, with his wife and four children. The family were just at their dinner as our here ontered, and the peasant at once arose and bade him welcome. Paul made his wants known, and at the same time expressed his desire to pay for all that he might receive. The freedom and kindness of his reception nearly made up for the amount of dirt which he had to encounter, and without further ceremony he sat down to the meal, which consisted of boiled rice, a boiled fowl, and some black bread, made from rice flour; sweetened from some dark syrup. Notwithstanding the amount of dirty grease which defaced the table and the dishes, the youth ate heartily, for he was fortified by an excellent appetite. After the meal was finished, the host lit his pipe, and Paul did the same, both seating themselves upon a rude bench that stood in front of the hut, under the broad, overhanging caves.

"You are from the north?" said the host, who had given his name as Lin-fou.

both seating themselves upon a rude bench that stood in front of the but, under the broad, overhanging eaves.

"You are from the north?" said the host, who had given his name as Lin-fou.

"From the northwest," returned our hero, seeing that Lin had no suspicions against him.

"I thought so. And your name—"

"Is Pau-ding," said Paul, smiling at the oddity of the assumed cognomen.

"How far have you come this day?"

"Only from the temples."

"Temples!" uttered Lin-fou, elevating his cyelirows. "What temples?"

"Why, those in the valley, to be sure."

"But you did not stop there last night?"

"Yes."

"You did not sleep there?"

"You did not sleep there?"

"You."

Not among the ruins?"
Yes."

"Yes."

"Among those ruins?" pursued the host, taking his pipe from his mouth, and pointing down to the massive ruins from whence Paul had just

come.
"Yes, I slept there last night. I got belated
while examining them, and so made up my
mind to stop there. Is there anything wonderful in that?"

"Wonderful!" uttered Lin, laying his hand upon his head with a sort of reverential awe. "Lt's perfectly miraculous! You are the first man that has ever passed the night there and come forth alive!"

"Did you not see anything strange there?"

astonishment.

"Yes; I saw that the great Buddha was over-thrown and disgraced; and I saw that numerous gods and charms were exatered about in plenteous confusion. I wondered that the people did not take the same of them home to their own houses."

ple did not take some of them home to their own houses."

"God preserve us from 'such a fate!" piously ejaculated Lin, again placing his hand upon the top of his head. "There is a curse upon that place, and upon all that is in it."

"I am ignorant, good Lin. Jet me have the light. I have heard that the ruins were wonderful, but I know nothing more."

"Then you do not know why those temples are in ruins, and why the cold east wind blows so bleakly about their gods?"

"No. Tell me."

"I will. And you slept there!—you must be smiled upon by the great Emineace of Heaven. But let me tell you, for I know it well. A great many years ago—many hundreds, I think—the people of Fou-tehingyo, Liu-tehou, and Tengyuen, assisted by the ersperor and his grandees,

built those great temples. The largest was for Buddha, the next for Teoo-moo, the go ddess of Buddha, the next for Teoo-moo, the go ddess of all things, and the third for Shing-moo, our hely mother. Time passed on, and the virtuous people came and worshipped in these temples, and they gave to the gods everything that, lay in their power. At length there came a great frought, and it caused only this section. The people prayed to the gods everything that, lay in their power. At length there came a great frought, and it caused only this section. The people prayed to the gods upon their knees; they gave Too-ome oand Shing moo rare flowers and jewels, and to the great joss they gave a new dothing of gold and many valuable ornaments; but their prayers were not heard. The corn would not grow, and the sheep died upon the hills. Of course the people were angry; but they thought all this might be to possible them to the property of the next winter they fasted and prayed, and bestowed more attention than ever upon the offended gods. In the spring, the cold east winds came and nipped the fruit, and the whirlwind broke down the vines and the tallow-trees. The people were exasperated now, for they knew that their gods meant them harm instead of good, so they collected together, many then shad the standard of good, so they collected together, many then shad the standard the gods from their seats. The priests made no resistance, but helped in the work of destruction. After this was done the people went to their homes, and from that time they prospered; but they would not build up the temples again. That is why those ruins are in the valley."

It was a strange tale; but Paul did not wonder at it, for he knew that it was characterized the prayers of the people; but in this latter case the people prospered soon afterwards, and them the fold was not only restored to its place, but it was registed, new ornaments placed upon it, and then the disgraced gods try to wreak their venice have no power beyond the limits of their rained houses; but they must have power there, or they have called the dark spirits to their aid. Unfort

"And yet I am not dead," said Paul. The peasant looked up, and shook his head The p

The peasant looked up, and shook his head dahloudy.

"I don't know," he at length said, "how you escaped. The gods may have been asleep, or the dark spirit may have been away upon some rrand among wicked people. I would not sleep there for all the gold and precious stones upon the imperial joss!"
Paul could not but smile at the poor peasant's superstitious caracteries; but he took good care that his smile should not be seen. But then the desire to smile soon passed away, for a strange crowd of surmises and suspicious had began to pass through his mind. He remembered well the gaudy dress and jewels he had seen beneath the dark robe of him who had so mysteriously visited the ruits on the night beseen beneath the dark robe of him who had so mysterionally visited the ruins on the night before, and he woodered if that very individual might not be the jérince himself. The suspicion was a strange one, but the youth thought he had good grounds for it. And yet it did not tend in the least to dampen his ardor—his determination to pursue the plan he had formed was as strong as ever. Towards the middle of the afternoon our here signified his intention of leaving, and having paid for his dinner—only about the amount of an English penny—he told Lin-fon that he might be there again on the next day. He bought some bread for his supper, and then he turned to depart.

turned to depart.

might be there again on the next day. He bought some breast for his supjer, and then he turned to depart.

"Of course you won't venture among the templea again," said the peasant.
"I shall be more careful in future," was Panl's reply, and with that he set out.
The young adventurer followed along the hill-side until he arrived at a point opposite to the temples, and then he descended. Until evening he wandered about amongst the ruits, and as soon as it was dark he crept to the same place where he had about amongst the ruits, and as soon as it was dark he crept to the same place where he had aloget the night before, and then he laid himself down. For geveral hours he remained awake to watch the pedestal, but gradually sleep overpowered him, and he fell off into a doze. How long he had remained as he could not tell, but he was at length aroused by that same low, grating sound. It struck upon his care with a quickening power, and on starting up he could just discern a human head thrust out from the aperture in the pedestal. It was anot the one he had seen on the previous night—he was sure of that—for this head was bare, and wholly shared, and the monoheams glisteded upon the bald pate as though it had been a ball of polished metal. Shortly, the owner of the head made his whole body visible. It was a large, stout body, and clothed in the garb of a priest of Buddha. After he had come up, he closed the aperture, and having gazed carefully about him, he walked quietly away.

For a while after the priests had gone, Paul remained on the watch; but sleep again overpowered him. If he could only have gone out and moved about, he might have kept awake well enough; but he dared not venture out lest the priest should return unexpectedly upon him, and thus, perhaps, upset his whole plan. But he was not destined to sleep long, for approaching footsteps soon aroused him, and under the excitement of a dreamy phantasy that was just

working in his mind he started to his feet more quickly than he would otherwise have done. And that morement came near costing him his life, for the stout priest saw him, and turned quickly towards him.

He have the stout priest saw him, and turned quickly towards him.

He have the same of the same of all this thumping and bumping. Now the angry gods the evenegad upon you for thus descerating backs a pace, "you are the cause of all this thumping and bumping. Now the angry gods he evenegad upon you for thus descerating the state of the same of the same

matter rost.

With a strangely beating heart, Paul now approached the old pedestad. He had a mind to try and gain admittance to the place from whence the bonze had come. It was venture-some—it was, perhaps, fooliantly but the youth could not turn from the purpose. He remembered the signal he had heard the visitor give, and he drew his dagger; he had turned the haft, and was upon the point of knocking, when he was startled by the laying of a head apon his saw.

CHAPTER V.

THE COMPACY.

Or the instant that Paul felt the touch upon his arm, he started up and drew a pistol; but when he had turned and seen who it was that had thus arrested him, he recolled with a started emotion, for it was none other than Ye-fo-hi, the Juggler of Nanto alloot me," calmly said the juggler, with a smile.

"Not if you mean me no harm. But why are you kere ?"

na here "
"I would ask the same question of you."
"I came to see these ruins."
"So did I."
"But you take a strange hour for your visit."
"I thought the same of you."
"But I slept here."
"Wen'rea useen non."

"I thought de stange nout or your vais."

"I thought the same of you."

"But I slept here."

"Were you asleep now!"

Paul found himself cornered, and he did not asswer. The juggler looked upon him with a keen, searching glance. The smile had passed away, and he seemed now earnest and thoughtful.

"I heard the report of a pistol a few moments since," he resumed, seeing that the Youth did not speak. "What was the trouble!" Ah!—what is this upon which the moonbeams shine to brightly! It is blood! Why is this? Do not fear to tell me if you know."

At first Paul he slatated. He feared to try his hand at falsehood or direct deception, and after a moment's thought he resolved to tell the thing as it really happened. "I wandered about among the rains during most of the day that has last passed," he said, "and at nightful! I laid me down behind though the resolved to fell the hoot stones to sleep. How long I had slept I know to, but I was awakened by the approach of footsteps, and on starting to my feet beheld a stout man close to me. He saw me at the same moment, and sprang upon me with a club—that is the club, here. I drew my pistol and shot him."

bin."
The juggler stooped down and picked up the club, which had dropped near the pedestal, and his face kindled as he examined it.
"This was made on purpose for killing men," he said, as he turned the weapon over in his hand," and I think here is matted hair upon it, too! But did the fellow give you no reason for his onest?"

bode."
"This, then, is the scret of the deaths that
are occurred here," said the juggler, speaking
alf to himself; and then looking up, he added:
"The people fear these ruins, and give then
oom to lie in quiet. Perhaps you know the
tory."

Yes; an old peasant on the hill told me."

And did you venture to sleep here after

"Something of truth."

"Ay, much of truth—for there have many people lost their lives here. But where is the body of him you shot?"

"I would see it. You have nothing to fear from me. Come."

Faul could not resist the beck of the strange man. He did not fear him now, and yet he wished he had not come. He had an instinctive feeling that it would be better to trust him, and yet he would have given much to have kept the whole matter to himself. But with what the juggler already know, it could do no harm to show him the body; so the youth led the way to the place where it had been concealed, and threw off the rubbish that covered it; then they both took hold and drew the corse out into the moonlight.

"I have seen that fellow before," said Te-fo-hi, stooping down and gazing intently into the dead man's face. "I have seen him in Nankin, and twice have I tried to track him; but both times I lost him. I wish I had known him better before you sent that lead through his body."

"I did it upon a pinch," replied Paul. "I had no choice in the matter."

"Yes; I know. But, perhaps, he may have something in his pockets that will throw light upon the subject. Let us see."

And thereupon the juggler began to overhaul the dead man's garments. He found a bunch of keys, a knife, a small ivory whistle, and a small extrip of parchment, and that was all. The knife he put back; but the keys, the whistle, and the parchment, he kept. The latter he unrolled and found it written upon. The characters were bold and heavy, and were plainly to be traced by the moonlight. The juggler started as he read it, and then handed it to Paul. The latter read it, and be handed it to Paul. The latter read it, and be handed it to Paul. The latter read it, and be naded it hack to the juggler, and the latter looked it over once more. His features were worked upon strangely as he traced the bold characters over again, and at length he turned to any here."

The latter read is, and hen long of the power of Kiangou and Ngunhoc, wo may here in the hand had it he

"O, I wish you would help me," pursued the juggler, evincing much carnesmass. "The prince has done me a most foul wrong, and I would have my hand upon him. I feel sure that he haunts this place; but I cannot remain here now. I must eawy to Nankin. If you will but stop here and watch—perhaps one more night, perhaps awek, perhaps more—you may see the prince about here."

"But how shall I know him?" asked Paul, who was all the while considering deeply upon the subject.

"But bow shall I know him?" asked Paul, who was all the while considering deeply upon the subject.

"You may know him by his very bearing. He is a man about forty years of age, somewhat latler than yourself and quite corpulent. His skin is light—lighter than yours—for he was born in the extreme north of the empire. He is our emperor's youngest brother. You will surely know him if you see him, and if he comes diaguised I think you will casily ace through it. I ask you to do this, for I do not know an available man of my own people who would dare to do it. What say you!"

Paul was now sure that the man whom he had seen enter the rains on the previous night, was none other than the prince; but he did not mean that the juggler should know how much of a clue he had. He revolved the matter over; he had determined to explore the mystic place beneath her ruins, and why should he hesitate now? In fact, the presence of the juggler had given him a new incentive to explore the place, for he felt less fear of the consequences. If harm should happen to him, there would now be one who would know where he was. There is a vast difference between being alone in an adventure and having a companion, even though that vast difference between being alone in an adventure and having a companion, even though that companion be but a confidant and sympathizer without direct personal companionship. These kind of thoughts came to Paul's mind, and at length he replied that he would make the trial. "You know not, sir," exclaimed Ye fo-bi, with much gratitude in his manner, "how you

have pleased me in this. I do not think there will be much danger. I have long needed a stout arm and a resolute heart to help me; but among my people I could find them not. You shall remain here, and among the honest peasants you can find sustenance. O, if I can but shall remain here, and among the honest peasants you can find sustenance. O, if I can but none get upon the track of the prince, I shall be content. Watch for him—watch for him. This man was his tool, and when he finds him gone he may come to seek him."

"Suppose you let me have those keya and that whistle," said Paul. "Who knows but that they may come in use? That whitel may be for the giving of some secret signal, and the keys may be also used. At least, they may serve me better than yourself."

"So they may," returned the old man, passing the articles over without even a thought, asave to comply with the youth's wishes.

After this, the body of the bonze was dragged back to its hidding place, and then the two walked out into the court. When they stopped, the juggler raid his hand upon Paul's arm, and with more of emotion than he had before betrayed, he said:

"I must be done. I heard that the prince had hen Xankin, and that be had before betrayed, he said:

all confidence in you, and in the end you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you shall own that I have not done you wron; but you had you here then any comment of those dark features. Why he did so, he knew not; he only knew that his soul was struggling to leaf forth into some knowledge that was not ye

find you here then **

"If I am alive—yes."

"If I am alive—yes."

"Then heaven protect you! I must be within the walls of Fout-chingyo before the sun is up. As you love yourself, do not deceive medo not neglect me. In one week, if I am alive, I shall be here, and perhaps before."

And thus speaking, the strange man turned and walked swiftly away. Paul watched him as he walked down the valley, nor did he move until the departing form was lost in the gloomy shadows of the distance.

FOR HE CONTINUED. I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDICATE HEFORE EXTRAVAGANCE.

Somebody has said, that a Parisian griseit, with a little tulle and ribbon, will conquer the world, while an English woman, with all her hawled, and the complete the same than the s

A GRASSHOPPER ROAST.

A GRASSHOPPER ROAST.

There are districts in Culifornia which literally swame with a preso proper, but Be mpite County Arque says the following describes the manner in which they are captured and prepared for eating by the Digger Indians, by whom they are relished with great gasto. A piece of ground is swelch an excavation is made large and deep enough to prevent the insect from hopping out when once in. The entire party of Diggers surround as much of the adjoining grounds as they can, and retarded the property of the pr

PAST AND PRES

THE GREAT PAGODA HEN.

Mr. Sar Green retired from business and took possession of his country "villa," just about the time the "hen fever" broke out, and he soon gave evidence of having that malignani disorder in its most aggravated form. He tolerated no birds in his yard that weighed less than ten pounds at six mouths, and he allowed no eggs upon his table that were not of a dark mahogany color and the flavor of pine shavings. He supplied his own table with poultry, and the said poultry consisted of elongated drumsticks, attached by gutta percha muscles and catgut and the said poultry consisted of elongated drumsticks, attached by gutta percha muscles and catgut and have been a figure that would have bought a good Morgan horse, but then as lower consumed as much grain as a Morgan horse, he could not help being perfectly attained with the bargain. His wife complained that he was "making ducks and drakes" of his property, but as that involved a high compliment to his ornithological tastes, he attempted no retort. He satisfied himself that it "would pay in the end." His calculations of profits on retor. He satisfied himself that it "would pay in the end." His calculations of profits and dozen. His thousand hens. The improved breeds were warranted to lay five eggs a-piece a week; and eggs were worth—that is, he was poping—aix dollars per dozen, would amount to the sum of \$134,998. Even deducting therefrom the original cost of the hens and their keep—ay \$35,000, the very pretty trifle of \$88,998 was the remainder—clear Profit. Eggs—even dark mahogany eggs—went down to a shilling a dozen: but we will not anticipate.

To facilitate the multiplication of the feathered depecies, Mr. Green imported a French Eccaleo-

proof. Eggs-even down to a shilling a dozen: but we will not anticipate.

To facilitate the multiplication of the feathered species, Mr. Green imported a French Eccaleobion, or eggs hacking machine, that worked by steam, and was warranted to throw off a thousand chicks a month.

One day sa "ancient mariner" arrived at the villa with a small backet on his arm, and inquired for the master of the house. Sap was just then engaged in important business-teaching a young chicken to crow—but he left his occupation, and received the stranger.

"Want to buy an egg!" "asked the mariner.

"One egg! why! where did it come from !" asked the heafneier.

"E Singies," replied the mariner.

"Domestic fowl's egg!"

"Domestic fowl's egg!"

"One egg 1 why? where did it come from ?" asked the hen fancier.

"E Stingies," replied the mariner.
"Domestic fowl's egg ?"
"Domestic."
"Let's see it."
The salior produced an enormous egg, weighing about half a pound. Sap "herhed" it carefully.
"Did you ever see the birds that lay suck eggs ?" he saked.
"Lots on 'em," replied the sailor. "They're big as all out doors—they calls 'em the Gigantic Pagoda Hen. I'm afeared to tell you how big they are! you wont believe me. But jest you hatch out that 'ere and you'll see."
"Bat they must eat a great deal?"
"Scarcely anything," replied the mariner, 'that's the beauty on 'em. Don't eat as much as bantams."
"You can't help 'm laying," replied the seama, enthusiatically. "They lay one egg every week day and two Sundays."
"But when do they set ?"
"They don't set at all. They lays their eggs in damp hot places, and natur does the rest. The chicks take keer of themselves as soon as they're out of the shell."
"Damp, hot place?" said Sap. "My Eccatobion is the very thing—and my articla sheep-skin mother will bring 'em up to a charm. My friend—what will you take for your egg?"
"Cap'n," said the mariner, solemmly, "if I was going to stay ashore, I wouldn't take a shelp're out of stay ashore, I wouldn't take a sid directly, you shall have it for forty?"
The forty dollars were instantly paid, and the fancier retried with his price, his conscience uniting him for having robbed a poor, hard working sailor.
O, how he watched the egg-hatching machine while that extraordinary egg was undergoing the steaming process. He begrudged the time exacted by eating and sleeping, but his vigits were rewarded by the appearance, in due time, of a stout young chick, with the long legs that are a proof of Eastern blood. The bird grew apace—indeed, almost as rapidly as Jack's bean stalk, or the prophet's gourd. But the sailor was mistaken in one thing—It sto voracionally Moreove-@ as it increased in sine and strength, the Pagoda exhibited extraordinary pugnacity.

It kicked a dosen comrades to death in one night! It even bit the hand of the feeder. Soon it was necessary to confine it in a separate apartment. Its head oon touched the ceiling. What a pity it had no mate! Sap wrote to a correspondent at Calcuts to ship him it we pair of the Great Pagoda birds without regard to coat. Meanwhile he watched the enormous growth of his single specimen. He kept lie existence a profound secret. It was under lock and key in a separate apartment, lighted by a large window in the woof. Sap's man-of all-work wheeled daily two bushels of corn and a barrel of water to the door of the apartment, and Green fed them out when no one was looking. Even this supply was seamty, but out of justice to his family, Sap was compelled to put the monster bird on allowance.

"Poor thing!" he would are aches he see:

allowance.

"Poor thing!" he would say—when he saw the creatage devouring broken glass and even bolting stray nails and gravel stones, "it cuts me to the soul to see it reduced to such extremity. But it's eating me out of house and home. Deckledly, that sailor man must have been deceived about their being moderate feeders." When the bird had attained the enormous altitude of six feet, the proud proprietor sent for the celebrated Dr. Laulwig Hydrarchos, of Cambridge, to inspect him, and furnish him with a cionific description, wherewith he might astonish his brethren of the Poultry Association. The doctor came, and was carefully admixed by Green to the presence of the Great Pagods Hen. The bird was not accustomed to the sight of strangers, and began to manifest uneasiness and sigheasure as seeing the man of science. It lifted first one foot and then the other, as if is were treading on hot plates.

"Hil hil" said Green, soothingly, "Pagy! Pagy! Come now—be quiter—will you fi"
"Let me out!" cried Hydrarchos, in great slarm. The huge bird was polking up to him. "Jet me out!" cried Hydrarchos, in great slarm. The huge bird was polking up to him. "It mere knew it to act so before," said Green, fumbling at the lock.

A whir! a rush! a whizzing of the wings—and the bird was down on the doctor—treading on his heels, and pecking at the nape of his neck. "Pagy! Pagy! "applicated the owner. But the angry bird would not listen to reason, and Sap received a thump on the head for his pains. And now both rushed for the opening door, stumbling and falling prostrate in their eagerness to escape. The monater bird danced a moment on their prestrate bodies, and then darted forth.

It rushed through a couple of grape-houses—earrying destruction in its progress. It seoured through the flower beds, ruining the bright pains. And now both rushed for the opening door, stumbling and falling prostrate in their eagerness to escape. The monater bird danced a moment on their prestrate bodies, and then darted forth.

It rushed through a coupl

ASTRONOMY EXTRAORDINARY.

ASTRONOMY EXTRAORDINARY.

"Hallo, here!" said an M. P. to a seedy individual lying on the cellar door in the luxary of a rest, after a glorious bender.

"Hallo the—yourself, and see how you—hie—like it," said seedy.

"Why, who be you !"

"One of the Marshal's police!"

"A policeman, a star—are you. Well, so and I. I a.—hie. "It is a policeman, a star—are you. Well, so and I. I a.—hie, an a fixed star boo. No—hie, I aint. I'm a comet—and the—hie—gravita—tion of the earth has drawd me down. Bon's you have been seen to be a star boo. You will not be a better observation of you, so come along."

"You've well, you must come where we can get a better observation of you, so come along."

"Taint no use—you might get long—hie—when you will not have a so when the said when you wheelsharrow."

The barrow was obtained, and the comet made its appearance at the Tombs next mores made its appearance of that institution.—New York Picayune.

Graves.—The use of grapes as an article of food is much recommended in case of consumption. They contain a large quantity of grape sugar, the kind which most nearly resembles milk sugar in its character and composition, which is also useful for consumptives, it having a great attraction for oxygen, and readily affording good material for respiration.—Missise Former.



-use The Flag of our Tuion. -> 34

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] CHILDHOOD.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES

Fain would I throw the mask of time From off my childhood's days, And bid fond memory awhile, Forget her yearning gaze; That I might look with my own eyes Upon their seenes again,— The only golden isles I've passeed Upon life's troubled main!

O, for a second pair of eyes,
Undimmed by after years,
As my young spew sere then, which wepi
Not over doubte, and fears,
That on life's deep I might look out,
As on a summer res,
And think the distant banke I saw,
Were, like my own, as free.

The haunts and loves of childhood These are the only things that I would wish to love below, Mid life's imaginings; The only portraits I would wish Hung up in memory's hall; A look at which should be as sweet As scenes which they recall?

With naught to interpose between, Of shadow, or of night, To darken, or sellpse the orb Of their full morning light; To feel again within my frame A heart of joy and smiles, Where now amid the rust of years, Hope's anchor wasting lies.

LA PETITE CROUPIER. A TALE OF SAN FRANCIS

BY M. V. ST. LEON

"Deux—trois—quatre—cinq—noir gagne !"
Mingled exclamations of "Sacre !" "Diable!" etc., etc., ran round the table. The banker, wholly unnoved by the ennoirons of the several grumblers, with limperturbable composure of the properturbable of the properturbable of the several grumblers, with limperturbable composure of the properturbable of the properturbable of the several grumblers, with limperturbable composure of the properturbable o

py smile which had already returned to her countenance.

The game commenced again, and several successive ones were played without interruption, till at last one of the number exclaimed, "Come, it's time some of un were dry?" A general laugh followed this exhortation to duty, and another one range the bell. It had searcely essate to wither, when the door opened, and a beautiful young grif entered, and stood waiting for their orders. Each named his particular fancy, when the grif bowed and was retiring, but reaching the door, runned and said, in a gay and slightly sauery tone, "There's so many of you to bring things for, that I think you'd better come into the salon and take what you wish there."

come into the asion and take what you wish there."

Sekizing at the proposition they all rose and hurried after her. The little child upon the table tried to get down but was afraid to jump, and held out the rams toward the departing group, saying: "Me go too, me go too."

One of them, a handsome, but dissipated looking man, turned and good-humoredly taking her in his arms, set her down on the floor. She ran along by his side, and when at the door, stopped for him to enter first, but the patted her and said, "Trot along, piccaninni!"

As the young men poured out the wine and emptied their glasses, their speeches became more brilliant and droll. Tiny, as she was called, kept close to her chosen friend, and at last begged for some of the sparkling pretty-colored water.

"What Tiny, you want channaseme t"he ner."

begged for some of the sparkling pretty-colored water.

"What, Tiny, you want champagen ?" he repiled to her request, "no, no, is lon't good for you;" but seeing a look of disappointment cross the child's face, "well, here then, take this little glass and drink to my success this evening;" and he placed the pretty creature upon the counter, and called attention to her, as with a graceful low the child uttered the words and drank the wine. Her little tongue soon began to move faster than every.

"Come and waltz with me," she said, taking both her friend's hands and attempting to pull him round with her baby strength. Her companion was taking with cattendered, "I want you to dance with me, senor—what is your name?" she impatiently asked, pulling at his hand.

The gentleman again lifted her upon the counter, and holding her to his side, said, "Guess!"

"No, no, tell me," coaxed the little beauty.

"No, no, tell me," coaxed the little beauty.

"Edgar! Why, mama said I had an uncle
Edgardo I), how I wish it might be you."

De Vere smiled and replied, "Well, we will
say I am your uncle, you may call me so."

"O, may I! and you wons let Miguel be cross
to me any more, will you!"

"No!"

No! I blim shut me up in the dark again!"

"No." Nor let him shut me up in the dark again ?"
she implored, seeing him hesitate, and clinging
closer to him.
"No indeed, mi pajarita, you need fear nothing," and they proceeded to follow the rest back
to the gambler's table.

"No indeed, mi pajarila, you need fear nothing," and they proceeded to follow the rest back to the gambles' table.

Tiny ran on before, and there was no one in the room but Do Vere and the young girl at the bar. The former crossed the room and his hand was on the door, when the girl rapidly and noiselessly advanced to him, and laying her hand on his arm, said quickly but distinctly:

"Do not stay one moment after twelve, and depart before any of the rest. Azalia—Tiny—O, what will become of her! What can I do !"

"Why, Mercedes! What is this !" inquired De Vere tendedly, for large tears were in the dark, velvety eyes of the girl.
She was about to reply, when suddenly exclaiming "Hush!" she glided swiftly to her place behind the bar and seized a glass. In another second Miguel opened the door, glanced sharply round, and rested his piercing gaas full on Mercedes, who, with a perfectly nonchalant expression, was rinsing a wine glass, apparently succonscious of the presence of any one. All libi was the work of an instant, during which Miguel's brove leared, and turning to De Vere, he exclaimed:

"Come, we are all waiting for you."

De Vere enterd last, and as he turned slightly to closs the door, he met Mercedes's eyes fixed imploringly and inquiringly upon him. Answering both enteraty and question by closing his eyes with a smile, he proceeded to take his place for the next game.

Fortune seemed to favor him; once, twice, three times he won, and at last Miguel rose with an oath, exclaiming "The bank is broken!"
Scarcely were these words uttered, when a neighboring clock struck twelve. De Vere started up, and pleaded an engagement, saying he feared he was late already.

"O, never mind that clock," said one of the group, "every one in the city knows it's the greatest lim (present company always excepted) in San Francisco."

"How do you make that out "demanded another.

"Why," "scioned the Gert market."

"How do you make that out?" demanded

another.

"Why," rejoined the first speaker, "every one that goes by, hangs on its brazen tongue all the loose fibs be happens to have about him, and so it has accumulated an all-sufficient quantity. Is anybody late at an appointment— That confounded clock, my dear," and the matter's

settled."

A laugh followed this speech, which was more amusing from the comic tones and gestures of its author, than any intrinsic wit, and Miguel pointed to a time-piece at the further end of the room, which yet wanted a quarter or more to, the hour.

"Come, sing a song," called out a third.
"Here Jose," addressing a young Spaniard,
"give us something lively, none of your sentimental trash."

"Yes, yes," chimed in the rest, "out with it,

Thus urged, the young man, who was swarthy even for a Spaniard, and whose large, dark eyes were full of fun and mischief, sang the following song:

Lux on liquid roses floating!
So floats you foam e'er pink champagn:
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

And float away on wine!

Those seas are damperous (gray baseds aw
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brin;
And true it is they drown old Care—
But what care we for him.
So we but float on wine!
And true it, it they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styz—champagne,
And we shall cross quide merry,
And we shall cross quide merry,

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow Then, gally row the boat from shore; While we, and every jovial fellow; Hear unconcerned the oar That dips itself in wine!

How the Secretary productions, and the secretary of the seem before us. The room was large and handsomely furnished, containing tables for all kinds of games, but it is to the occupants that we would call your particular attention. The players were all young, with a general resemblance to each other in air and manner, all dissipated, and all reckless. The most of them were Spanish, though a few were American, English and French; the only one who merit a particular description are the banker, De Vere and the little child. The first was a tall, thin man, with a dark frown stamped upon his features. His eyebrows were contracted into an habitual seowl, and his lips were curled into a cynical smile. His eyes were not large, but intensely black and piercing, while his face was still further darkened by a moustache, and short whiskers on the check. A more revengeful, disagreeable looking man cannot well be imagined.

De Vere was an Englishman about twentythree, and extremely handsome, though not with the beauty of fresh, glowing health. His complexion was nearly as white and coloriess as marble; his eyes, which were large and dark, rather serious than otherwise, together with wary black hair and a somewhat heavy moustance, and that contrasted with his large and the contenance. His expression when at rest was instellectual brilliancy that entirely eclipsed mere regularity of features. His voice was son, yet 8 feep and thrilling, as many a serenade had testified.

Tiny, as she was called, was a perfect model or a cherub—fair and rosy, with blue eyes and

for a cheruh—fair and rosy, with blue yeas and godlen curls, she presented a striking contrast to the rest of the party. Her age might have been four or five years, and it was shocking to see that innocent little creature kept up night after night to assist in that den of iniquity.

Just as the second song was concluded, Mercedes opened the door, and in reply to Miguel's question, "What's the matter?" and:

"I thought I was wanted."
"No," answered the banker, and she withdrew. De Vere, on whom this hint was not lost, again rose, and in appite of entreaties on the part of his companions, and especially Miguel, to prolong his stay, departed. As he was putting on his coas, he noticed a paper pinned to the lappel. Glancing at it he read:
"The hough keeps it he next sources."

"Two hours hence in the next square.

Giving a good-night to Miguel, who had ac companied him to the hall, he stepped int the street.

companied him to the hall, he stepped into the street.

In one of the loveliest parts of the valley of Mexico, stood the elegant coss of Don Carlos Mendoza, a haughty hidalge of ancient lineage, and boasting of a sufficient quantity of "carlos Mendoza, a haughty hidalge of ancient lineage," in his veins. His only child, Donna Dolores, was a great beauty and a great co-quette, and in consequence of being the first, was enabled to play the second to her heart's content. So she laughed, danced and flirted the me away till her twentieth year, and still none of her numerous admirers seemed to make any impression on her heart; for a short time, it would appear that some particular one was the favored saitor, but at the first mention of anything serious on his part, she would laugh most unmercifully at his simplicity in supposing she cared a straw for him, and advise him not to show himself such a novice again as to mistake cared a straw for him, and advise him not to show himself such a novice again as to mistake to the control of the control of

ing fall to the floor unheeded, and when the caldure role rapidly off, Dolores became sensible that her hitherto invulnerable heart was pierced through and through.

The Donna did not feel so much distressed at this discovery however as she would have done, had ahe not been perfectly assured in her own mind that the had only to raise the drooping lifts of her large cyes, and give a moncladors, languid smile, to place the aforesaid gentleman, wheever he might be, in the seventh heavens. But then he might be merely passing through the valley—he might be of the seventh heavens. But then he might be merely passing through the valley—he might be to allow unaware of the existence of Donna Dolores Mendoza—or, worse than all, he might be a married man—but strange to say, not one of these ideas ever entered the head of the fair Doloria; for after having been used to having her own way all her terred the head of the fair Doloria; for after having been used to having her own way all her self with the possibility of a change. So the Donna Dolores aat before the mirror, combing her arwen treses that fell below her waist, in perfect satisfaction with herself and mankind generally, and complacently viewed the lovely image in the glass, and determined to enchant her lover (in prospectus) by a display of unusual and flattering condecension.

Now, it so happened that the cavalier in question sea actually residing, though not permandy, in the city, which was about two miles distant; and furthermore, he had heard of Dona Dolores Mendoza, and did wish to attract the notice of that lady herself. He had never seen he, but report had raised his curiosity, and he decremined it should be gratified. The morning had been separed with the intention of fulfilling that determination, and the restiveness of his steed had been among that species of causalities denominated "accidents done on purpose," and as the cavalier, while apparently pergrossed with the fractions animal, glanced cautiously paward and caught the gleam of a white dress throu

That evening the toilette of both the plotter

his object. That evening the toilette of both the plotters received unusual attention, for each was to attend a large party, and while the stranger knew Dolores would be there, she in return, hoped the stranger might be.

As Dolorita was seated where she could command a full view of the door, the here of the morning entered, and although his glance as he passed certainly fell full upon her, there was no overpowering effect produced as had ever been the case. "And she had blushed too!—the sturder of the morning that had blushed too!—the sturder of the case and the she had blushed too!—the student of the case of the case. "And she had blushed too!—the student had been delighted at such a display of interest—to be sure, as the could not help the increase of color, but then he didn't know that."

Ah Dolorita I He did know that, and a good deal more too.—he was not so simple and stupid after all, as you confessed before the evening was through. At last the fair senorita repented her decision, and determined not to show the wonderful condescension she had intended—but alsa' when an hour and a half after the gentleman's arrival found him conversing with her, Dolores was obliged to admit to herself in mortification and humility that the condescepsion was all on his side. He was an Englishman by

birth and education, and in knowledge and experience far above the butterfly coleilleres against whom she had hitherto aimed her shafts, and the close of the ball found her deeper in love than ever, as also was the gentleman, though he cover the ball found while the morning dreams of Dolores were filled with short golden brown curls, blue eyes, and soft voices, her lover's were equally free from that "useum which nown curls, blue eyes, and soft voices, her lover's were equally free from that "useum which nature abhors," by reason of glorious dark eyes, hair, and altogether indescribable loveliness. In the course of time, the Rnglishman, Senor Don Clarence, as he was called, became the accepted suitor of Donna Dolores, and it happened in this wise. Don Clarence was in the habit of occasionally spending a morning in the bouder of the fair Mexican, who, now grown gentle and massuming, was perfectly facientaing in the run-consciousness of the fact, for she deemed heresif mworthy of Don Clarence, and Doloris, who had been admiring his wit and talent, suddenly remembered for the twentieth time, that he must be aware of her reputation as a heartless coquette, and the tears rushed into her eyes as she bitterly thought, but for her foolish conduct he might have loved her "and indeed, indeed, she would make him a truly English wife!" and she sank back with an involuntary sigh.

Don Clarence arose and leaned over the lounge. Dolores started from the cushions, and while her fan alid to the floor, turned to a vase in the niche behind her, and took from thence a full blown rose which she unconsciously stripped of its thoras. When the last one had fallen, Don Clarence, in a slightly trenulous, though cicera and musical voice, sait:

"Dolorita! It would give much for that rose from your hand, with the sentiment it now expenses."

Poor Dolores! The sudden transition from despair to a confused sense of joy was overwhelming, yet she railied her strength, and with a pake, pale face, and the dark pleading eyes, ewimming in tears, s

ing grace offered the thornless rose, and Don Clarence knew his fate with a bounding heart.

On the departure of Ds Vere from the gambling house, Miguel, with a fierce frown had re turned to the salon, and at a much earlier hour than usual the revels broke up, and at half after one the house was deserted by the gay party. Mercedes, though faufful she should be late for the appointment, preserved outward calmness, and to her great relief, at two c'lock the place was quiet, and leaving little Azalia fast asleep, Mercedes noiselessly stoid down the stairs, and opening the street door found herself in the night air. A trembling fear took possession of her, for she was unaccustomed to being alone in the streets at evening, but murmuring a few words to herself she resolutely bent her steps onward toward the next square. As she turned a corner she saw the form of De Vere, and with renewed courage, yet with timidity also, she approached him.

"A h!" he exclaimed, as she neared him, "You are late."

"Not very, I hope 3"

"A quarter of an hour—never mind, but what have you to say to me of so much importance—for important I judge it, if it had anything to do with your agitation to night?"

"It is a long story, and I scaree know how or where to begin. But first, your name is De Vere and you are an Englishman 3"

"Yes," answered her companion, somewhat surprised.

"And you had a bother some years older than yourself 3"

where to begin. But first, your name is De Vere and you are an Englishman?"

"Yes," answered her companion, somewhat surprised.

"And you had a brother some years older than yourself?"

"I certainly had," he replied, with astonishment, "but how do you know that?"

"It shall be explained presently, but I beg you to answer my questions first. Where was he, when you last heard from him ?"

"It shall be explained presently, but I beg you to answer my questions first. Where was he, when you last heard from him ?"

"In the southern part of the United States, and intending to visit Mexico in a few weeks. But we have never heard from him since, and as six years have passed by, we have given up all hope of his being alive."

"I am right. Gracious a Dios! O, how shall I tell you—" and the agitated girl stopped an instant to collect her thoughts, and regain composure. She then desired De Vere to listen with attention. This request was quite unnecessary, as her companion eagerly caught every word she utterd, but with a sign he motioned her to proceed.

"Clarence De Vere proceeded to Mexico, as he intended, and during his journey through hat country met with Donna Dolores Mendoza, the daughter of a Spanish hiddley, and married her. Shortly after, her father died, and together with her husband and a native woman, she came to San Francisco, to search for a relation of the family; but searcely had they arrived when they were both taken ill, and your brother died. When Dolores recovered, she found she had been robbed by her nurse; she knew no one in his part of the country, and it was at this time I became acquainted with her. Dearly did I love her, and I pited her too, for she was unaccustomed to poverty, and I would take her bearts of us both, and I often have wondered whether Clarence De Vere's child was loved best by its mother, or its mother's friend. When it was nearly four years old, and that is now a welvemonth since, poor Doloria was taken ill, and died."

The young girl's voice choked, and De Vere exclaimed:

"The chi

Are young girs wonce touced, and re vere exclaimed:

"The child! Tell me of it!"

"I will—be patient. As Dolores grew weaker, she called me to her one night, and supported by the kind Sister of Charriy who had offered her services, while her little one clung to her neck, she gave the child to my care. Kneeling at her feet, with her hand in mine, I promised the dying Dolores to guard and love it as my own. The little one's cry at the chilliness of the arm which folded her to her mother's breast, brought with it the knowledge that Dolores was no more. Scarce was my dear friend laid to

rest, when the man of whom we had hired rooms, and who had been her eveditor to some amount, declared the child should pay here mother's debts, and accordingly placed her in his gambling solor for ornament. It was a source of great profit to him, and in order to be with her, for she was sadly flightened smong so many strange faces and without me too, that I gave up my situation at a dress-maker's, and tended for Miguel."

"O, Heavens! Not Azalia s"

"Yes, Azalia is that child. I heard your name, but feared—I did not know—at least, I thought you might not be a proper poor to be its relation, which I much doubted, and evening after evening from timidity and the wanter and opportunity to tell you these facts, I have do approximative to the child. I have the compact of the control of the contro

She looked up in Do Vere's face—there was an expression she did not understand.

"Will it not pain me to part with her?" she research dowly, as though she doubted he had asked such a question, and in a voice of such deep emotion it made the heart of Do Vere ache for her, "will it not pain me?" then velomently she added, pressing her hands tightly to her breast, "it is like tearing the very heart from me!"

The wild howst of feeling with which she said

her breast, "it is like tearing the very heart from me!"

The wild burst of feeling with which she said these few words, actually startled De Vere—but again taking the hand which had dropped convulsively by her side, he said:

"Noble, generous-hearted gir!! You shall mere be separated. I would not wrong little Azalia so much as to part her from her best friend on earth—no, you shall accompany us wherever we go. Do you think I would leave the friend of Dolores's child, to whom you have been a mother, in the situation you are placed? Can you think so meanily of me! Mercedes, you are weeping!—what have I said!"
"Nothing, nothing—but this is too blessed for reality!"

you are weaping I—what have I said?"

"Nothing, nothing—but this is too blessed
for reality!

"It is not, my own Mercedes," impetuously
exclaimed De Vere, "for here I swear never to
rest till you are my wife—mine to protect from
every ill—mine to love and be loved by, till
death part us. From the first I have cared for,
and jealously watched you, and I find you the
truest-hearted, most self-devoted girl I ever saw,
and I still make you mine!"

Poor Mercedes! With a mind full of chaos
at this sudden and totally unexpected arowal,
for she had been too free from vanity to dream
of Do Vere's love, though she knew he was
kinder to her than any one elso in the world—
see good with a bewildered look into his face,
sand with a feeble, tearful smile, said, with simplicity and childshe confluence:

"I am afraid my poor brain is turned by toinght's events. I do not think I understood
you right."

"Yes you did, my poor little Mercedes," answered De Vere, drawing her calmly, yet tenderly toward him, for he saw a word would
cause tears or smiles, and he added gayly, "look
up I is is all real—and I finisk upon your loving
me, Mercedes!"

Mercedes in one quite recovered, langhed, some-

up! it is all real—and I innis upon your loving me, Mercedes."

Mercedes. To we quite recovered, laughed, somewhat nervously to be sure, at the idea of his compelling her to love him, and De Vere with bright, pleasant words, placed her arm in his, and took her to the hotel where he was stopping, and took her to the hotel where he was stopping, and giving her to the care of the kind-hearted landlady, left her, promising to return soon. De Vere then proceeded to Miguel's, and rousing the words, demanded the little Azalia. Miguel, knowing some of his transactions would not bear the light of justice, preferred giving up the child quietly on the payment of a handsome sum. There were three as happy hearts in the —— hotel that night as there ever were, before or since.

"Why did you ask me to leave Miguel's so early "in inquired De Vere of Mercedes.
"In half an hour you would have drank franged wine, and been placed on a hed from which you would never have risen. You remember you broke the bank? It was all a contrivance of Miguel's, and he meant to have murdered and robbed you."

"My dearest Mercedes," raid De Vere, with world of devotion ""

"Would I not save him I loved?" asked Mercedes, with averted face.

"You loved me then—even then—you concaled it well."

The glance of affection fully convinced him of her love now, whenever it first entered her heart.

Among the list of passengers in the steamsh that sailed that day week for Liverpool fro San Francisco, were the names of Edgar I Vere, Esq., lady and child.

A GEOLOGICAL PECULIARITY.

Beneath the town of Bryan, in Williams county, Ohio, there is a subterranean lake, at a depth of from forty to fifty feet, from which the inabitants for miles around procare their water. The wells are bored with augers until the workmen arrive at a bed of solid blue clay, two or three feet in thickness; this clay is penetrated by means of a drill, whereupon the water income the second of the

AND THE LEGG FLAG of our UNION

WREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR

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discontinued as the september of the september of the last page.

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bus.
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"Stanzas," by I. D. Wilkins.

"My Birthday," "Lines to Mary," "Knowledge," Matrimony," "Lines on a Child at Play," "Sunset, "A Crowded Ball-Room," The Heart," "The Child," "The Child," "The Child," "Spring," "May Brother," "My of Lonzdale,"

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

THE SHIPHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

Some twenty years ago an illegitimate son of the Duke of Northumberland, John Smithson, by name,—whose mother was & Mrs. Maurice Hungerford, in Wilthire, England,—died at Genos, heaving to the United States government more than half a million of dollars, with which to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution," and establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." This liberal benefactor of his race was a nam of very retired habits, with few friends or associates, except men renowned for scientific attainments. Hog graduated at Oxford, in 1786, and subsequently became an enthusiastic chemical and geological investigator, having contributed much to the general advancement in those sciences through the Royal Society, who published method to the general advancement in those sciences through the Royal Society, who published from his pen twenty-four works or papers on Mineralogy, Geology and Mineral Chemistry.

On the 1st of July, 1886, Congress formally accepted Smithson's bequest, and our Minister England, the Hon. Richard Rash, was directed to pursue it in the English Court of Chancery, the obtained is from that Cours, and paid it into the Treasury of the United States, on the 1st of September, 1838. Immediately after its receipt, \$500,000 of the sum was invested in Arkansas being just then short of cash; and the rest was similarly loaned to Michigan, Illinois and Ohio. Arkansas has, of course, failed to pay hack again, which prevented the government from pushing the purpose of the benevolent testort, until April 30, 1845, when, after a protrasted discussion, Congress formally established the Institution, and virtually pledged the treatment of the Institution, and virtually pledged to the Institution is on the fine open mult, below the capitol, on what is known in Washington as "the Island." The celebrated architect, Renivick, was engaged for the work, and, under his superintendence, the magnificent Norman structure for the Institution, and

sms or a centre building 200 test long and 55 feet broad, with two connecting ranges or cloisters 60 feet in length, and two wings 80 feet by 40 feet.

The great degree of ununiformity manifested in the exterior of this structure is the result of design, being legitimate in connection with the stip of architecture adopted. It was, moreover, intended by the architect, and Board of Regents, in some measure to express the purpose for which cach portion is intended. The grand entrance in front stands between two towers, of about 130 feet in height; the rear entrance being through a large square tower. These towers contain most of the offices, stair-cases of the establishment, Regents' and Secretary's private rooms, with portions of the library and museum.

Some other towers, differing in height and exterior, flank down the centre building, and are proportional for their cases, elevators, furnaces, and ventilators. On the lower story of the interior is the library, designed to contain 800,000 volumes, which are rapidly being accumulated, by purchase and donation. The great lecture room is also on that story, and is will seat an articure of the castern connecting range are the laboratories and business offices connected with the great lecture-room of the centre building.

Though not as massive or expensive as other buildings in our American city of public palaces, this structure presents, on really a grander, a style of architecture known to few in the United States, except from books. Grand, piecularity pervading most of the architectural works of Washington. So it is quite as much an object of curiosity for the visitor at the federal city, as any other building there.

Cuaractyniastic General and College at Colle

CHARACTERISTIC GENEROSITY.—Mr. Chas. ifts, the founder of the Universalist College at

VERY GOOD.—The city authorities of Worcester have appropriated \$500 to be expended in planting shade trees in the streets of that city.

LUCKY.—The young fellow who was crossed in love, has become straight again.

ANNA CORA NOWATT.

This lady's career upon the stage has been brief but star-like, or rather comet-like; she has here but star-like, or rather comet-like; she has brief period, and now retires to domestic life. Her experience has been an unusual one, and she has been a great favorite with the public. Possessed of a person of much beauty and delicacy, she had at the outset a vast advantage over the usual debutants in the profession; but we are free to acknowledge that we have never accorded to her the high artistic sbilly that she is generally allowed by the critics. Pleasing, she always has been, challenging our admiration by her refined taste, high cultivation and purity of character; but as an actress, we are not sure but that a score of better ones are on our American boards at the present moment. We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Mowatt's book has proved so eminently successful; it deserved success, and hore upon its face the impress of honesty and truthfulness. In her retirement from her profession, the lady will carry with her the hearty regards and kind wishes of a vast public, whom she has so often delighted in the mimic art. She deserved to be happy, and we hope her new relation may be eminently of this character.

Mrs. Mowatt is in private life as accomplished in the characteristics of a lady, as she is in her public caveer as an artist; and is well known and beloved in many private circles of the Union. We believe she is to reside in Virginia.

WIND REGISTERING CLOCK.

WIND REGISTERING CLOCK.

Professor Webster, of the Virginia Collegian Institute, describe a most ingenious yet marvellously simple instrument, for registering meteorological observations. It consisted of a common clock, the weight of which instead of running down within the case, runs or two pulleys and down by the side of a cylinder, placed vertically on its end. In the side of the weight a penell was placed. The cylinder is surrounded with a sheet of clean paper, on which are ruled thirty-two vertical lines to represent the different points of the compass, and weight a penel with the point penell was placed to indicate hours of the day. Through the cylinder runs a rod that connects above with a vane, and as the vane turns, the rod and the cylinder turn. Let the point presses upon the paper on the cylinder. Now if it is calm, the weight running down makes a perpendicular line on the paper, but if the wind shifts, the mark on the paper verse to right or left. If suddenly, it leaves a horizontal ark; if by degrees, it goes down diagonally.

mark; if by degrees, it goes down diagonally.

Sandwich Islands.—A newspaper has just been started in Honolulu, printed in the native language. The question respecting a political connection of the island with this confederacy, is publicly discussed with much warruft. English and French inflaence seems to predominate at present, though it is hardly likely to avail in contravention of the true interests of the islands, when once the question of annexation comes to a practical issue.

a practical issue.

EMIGATION.—The exodus from Ireland continues with fearful steadiness. The Mayo Constitution states that the flight of the comfortable farmer and artisan class from that country to America, owing to "the remission of large sams of money by those who have formerly enigrated from this country to their friends here."

FEMALE PHYSICIAMS.—The Legislature of Massachusetts has appropriated one thousand dollars annually, for five years, in aid of the medical education of females, by the establishment of forty scholarships, the beneficiaries of which shall be selected from the several senatorial districts, in numbers according to the senatorial apportionment.

Dysextent.—Those having the dysentery or bowel complaint, will find an almost unfailing remedy, by procuring a small piece of the root of genaine Tarkish rhubarb, and chewing a piece about the size of a cherry-pit once or twice through the day. If the genuine article is procured, the remedy is said to be almost sure, in whatsoever stage the disease may be.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—The first and only duel ever fought in Illinois, was in 1820, with rifles, between Alphonos Stewart and William Bennett; the former was killed, and the latter arrest-ed, tried, convicted and hung. There has been no duel in Illinois since this example.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The fixtures having been completed, the monument was lit for the first time with gas a short time since. There are ten "bat-wing burners," and the pipe passes up the well or inner circle, two hundred

CUBA IN CONGRESS.—The Washington Star expresses the opinion that three-fourths of the members of Congress, of both houses, are strongly in favor of the acquisition of Cuba by the United States.

SOMETHING NEW.—A trial trip was made on Lake Erie, on the 5th ult., of a propeller fitted with side screws, and is said to have satisfied all of the success of the new plan.

An Affecting Affeal.—The Empire Co. Argus, a California paper, has the following: "Sons of New England—Two barrels of your native rum on tap, and for sale at the Brick Store."

DEATH ON LAGER BEER.—There are annu-

THE POISON TRADE.—Twenty three estab-ishments in Ohio manufacture 10,000,000 gal-ons of poison (whiskey) per annum.

MORE GOLD.—Gold has been discovered at the Cape of Good Hope.

Russia is the greatest unbroken empire for exent that ever existed.

The man who "made a clean breast of it," seed Brown's Windsor Soap.

There were 830 head of cattle, and 700 hogs passed through Chicago for New York, Intely.

Martin Kosta is now in Chicago, at the resilence of Mr. Kedgie, a lawyer.

In Utah, a man who has not more than two wives is rated a bachelor!

The cost of railroads in the United States now will is \$480,000,000.

Manchester, N. H., has now 17,000 inhabitunts; in 1840, it had but 3235.

There is a good prespect for a large crop of roli at the West Indies, this season.

There are now residing in San Francisco, near 1500 colored persons.

fruit at the West Indies, this season. There are now residing in San Francisco, near 1500 colored persons. William Doun drowned himself for some unknown reason at Albany. Mrs. Mowatt's farewell of the stage took place last week in this city. Next week's Pictorial will contain Mr. Gleason's first letter from abroad. All kinds of western produce is plentiful and cheap, the present year. Herman Frost was bitten by a mad dog in Roxbury. He must die! The English and French fleets seem to be quiety sleeping in the Rastern waters. Mr. John B. Gough is at present lecturing in London. He has made a forume. A carriage has been engaged for the movement that was "on foot."

Maslame Thillon, with Hudson, is giving musical entertainments at Sacramento. Philadelphia now contains about half a million of people.

Philadelphia now contains acoun usar a mu-lion of people,
"Paws for a reply," as the cat said when she sentenced the dog for barking at her.
Forty or fifty Vermonters have just started from Underhill to settle in Wisconsin.

SOMETHING NEW.

SOMETHING NEW.

A Wisconsin paper says that a resident of that State—probably a Yanke by birth, has built in the town of Menosha a singular looking craft, one hundred feet long, containing a cabin for the residence of the proprietor and his family, and also a large pottery manufactory, with a full set of machinery for grinding clay and manufacturing earthenware. The machinery is propelled by a windmill, which is elevated above deck. The proprietor designs, as the navigable season commences, to descend the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers in his ark, stopping whenever night overtakes him, exhibiting the manner of manufacturing the article, and selling his wares to the benighted inhabitants of the region. He anticipates a profitable as well as an agreeable trip.

THE BOMB HARPOON.—The fin-hast

The Bom Haxroox.—The fin-back whale is seldom stanked. He is very hard to kill, and the blabber is in small quantities, and not productive. By a modern invention, however, this species of whale seems to lose the power to run, when once fairly struck. An instrument called a bomb harpoon is thrown into the whale, which, as soon as he starts off, drawing upon the line which is fastened to it, and leads to the boat, trips a spring which breaks a bottle that contains powder and causes its explosion. This so far cripples the whale, that he is easily expured. A number of these whales have been thus taken by the fishermen of Provinctown, Mass.

oy the fishermen of Provincetown, Mass.

STRANGE ANIMAL.—A gentleman of Manchester, England, possesses a beetle of such an extraordinary character, that entomologisk know not what to think of it. "I should say," observed Mr. Curis, at a late meeting of the London Ethnological Society, "it has the head of a tortoise, the tusks of a walrus, the legs of a kangroro, and certainly the strength of a giant—probably a hundred times greater, in proportion to its size, than that of an elephant."

A MONSTER SAUSAGE.—A chronicler states that it was formerly the custom in some German towas for the butchers to carry about an immense sausage on New Year's Day, and make merry over it. The butchers of Konigsburg made one in 1829, which was 657 yards long, weighed 2494 pounds; it contained, besides other ingredients, thirty-six hams, and was borne by ninety-six journeyman butchers on wooden forks.

THE CALIFORNIA BRANCH MINT .- On the THE CALIFORNIA BRANCH MINT.—On the Data dit, two hundred and eighty days from the passage of the law establishing this mint, it went into operation, when the first coin was struck—a double eagle, as beautifully executed, in all respects, as any ooin ever struck under any government.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A terrible explosion of coal damp took place on Monday week in the Chesterfield Coal Pits, fourteen miles from Richmond, Virginia. Nineteen men were instantly killed, and the twentieth supposed to be fatally nart.

WARM WEATHER.—Warm weather is favorable for some folks. Mrs. Pickings, who keeps boarders, asps that folks don't cat more than half as much in "mild spells," as when the mercury takes a seat on zero, and remains a day or so.

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.—James French & Co., 78 Washington Street, have just published a valuable and interesting book thus entitled, by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, our worthy mayor.

VERY TRUE.—Greatness, like happiness, is only comparative. To the little match pedler, the man who can sell a dozen razor strops a day, is as great a hero as Alexander was to his generals.

DOUBTFUL SECURITY.—Looking at a mad bull through a telescope inverted, for the purpose of keeping the animal at a respectful distance.

An OLD SAYING.—The rich widow cries with ne eye, and rejoices with the other.

Gas .- The New Yorkers now cook by gas.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

"The Hamiltons: or, what will People say," a by Mrs. M. E. RORIBSON.
"I Rudolph: a Legend of Noyais," by JAMES De "Rudolph: a Legend of Noyais," by JAMES De "Rudols and the Russian." No. 9, by D. E. De "Roylood," lines, by J. Hurry, Jr. "Boylood," lines, by J. Hurry, Jr. "The Milest Rudolph," by JAMES LOW, Jr. "Lines for an Album," by Mr. V. St. Loov. "The Mistress of my Dreams," verses, by T. of Noyais," by JAMES DE MILLE.

We give this week a portrait of John Winthrop, second Governor of Massachusetts Colony, with other character istic views of his time. intic views of his time.

A portrait of Clark Mills, the celebrated sculptor of John C. Calhoun's Statue, and the famous equestrian statue of Andrew Jackon, at Washington.

A portrait of Charles W. Morgan, late of U. S. Navy.

A view of the Monument to Richard M. Johnson, at Frankfort, Ky.

A large whole page picture of the Equestrian Statue of Jackson at Washington, designed by Clark Mills.

A picture of the Blast Furnace, at Chapinsville, and the Steam Trip-Hammer, at Ames's Works, near Selis-bury. Conc.

A view of the large Lumbering Establishment at Hun-terstown, at Canada.

terstown, at Canada
A representation of a Mosque and Cannon Foundry at
Constantinople, Turkey.
A portrait of the Rajah of Patalla, India.
And a nautical view, representing the Steam Yacht the
Sayed Pacha, of the Grand Admiral of the Egyptian freet.

* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical De in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

In London, recently, during one week, 1789 births were registered.

At Madrid they are exhibiting Tolleaus: Vicunts, among which are the crucitixion and the ascension of Christ.

Gold is becoming a mere drug. It is said to be found at Gape Town more plentiful than at California or Australia.

A cranite monament: 29 dest in height, to Six

California or Australia.

A granite monument, 22 feet in height, to Sir Francis Chantrey, was recently erected at his birth-place, Norton, Derbyshire, Engiand.

Louis Napoleon is keeping the workmen of Paris in order by giving them plenty of work. He is now altering the Kue St. Honore.

In the city of Paris one person out of every sixteen was beholden to the government for public charity in 1853; in 1832, the number was one out of every eleven.

out of every eleven.

A strong movement is being made in Paris to bring about a better observance of the Sabbath. The emperor, it is generally understood, encourages the movement.

The hippordrome, in Paris, recently opened with a gazelle hunt, in which the poor animal, graceful, agile and timid, was sauly friglatend, and finally brutally worried by the dogs.

The annual marituper excenses of the House of

and finally brutally worried by the dogs.

The annual printing expense of the House of Commons have been, on an average of five years, trenty-eight thousand pounds. The annual produce of the sale of papers averages between three and four thousand pounds.

It appears that the Admiralty, without sanctioning any expedition to search for Sir John Franklin, have determined that such orders shall be issued to Sir. E. Beldert as will empower him to continue the search for the missing expedition for another year.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Beauty is a short-lived tyranny.—Socrates.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.

-Churchill.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils.—

Merit is born with men; happy those with whom it dies.—Queen Christina.

whom it dies—Queen Christian.
Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent
Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent
Where true fortitude deutles, loyalty, bonaty,
friendship and fidelity may be found—Goy.
Passion may not unfitly be termed the mob of
the man, that commits a riot on his reason—
Johason.

The most striking characters are sometimes the product of an infinity of little accidents.—

There are times when we are diverted out of errors, but could not be preached out of them.—
Stephen Montague.

Naught under heaven so strongly doth allure the sense of man, and all his mind possess, as beauty's love bait.—Spencer.

It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us that continu-ous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual effort.—Helvetius.

ntenectual effort.—Helvelius.

There is scarce any man who cannot persuade himself of his own merit. Has he common sense, he prefers it to genius; has he some diminutive virtues, he prefers them to great talents.
—Secoll.

—Second.

In every performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part—very often not the greater part—the effect of voluntary election and regular design.—Cecil.

Joker's Budget.

A foundry has been opened up town to "cast

reflections."

The latest labor-saving machine announced is one for sowing wild oats.

A constant reader of Diogenes wishes to find the seat on which "Verbum sat."

When seamen set a vessel's sails, does she immediately fay to, with a view to the main hack?

re is a river in France, in which no person precipitate himself without being insane

(See e.)

Young ladies—do not too soon pronounce
Young ladies—do not too soon pronounce
your lover a duck, lest you should afterwards
discover him to be a goose.

An editor down East objects to a female legislature, on the ground that they would misrepresent the country.

represent the country.

"Sal," and lisping Bill, "if you don't love me, thay aid shift you do love me and don't like to thay the, squeeth my handth."

There is a town in Maine called Random. A resident of the place being asked where he lived, said he lived at Random. He was taken up as a vagrant.

A dandy lately appeared in Iowa, with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him ar-rested because he had "no visible means of support"

rested because he had "no visible means or support."

Mrs. Biggs says she is sare of her husband two nights in a week, as he is obliged to come home for clean shirts. Mr. B. is rather irregular in the business season. "I sare ha prominent. An acquaintance of our he has actually intro-duced oak chairs into his kitchen, and urned out the rush 'uns.

Quill and Scissors.

The Wostern as well as the Eastern papers complain of the growing scarcity of catle. It is said that New York dealers are scorning Illinois and Indiana to buy up stock for the seanourd, and \$7 90 and \$8 50 per hundred pounds net have been plain; \$4 and \$4.25 are the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less and the court races at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts at Oblingic, and "you have less as the curvaint acts and the property of the curvaint and the curvaint and the curvaint acts and the curvaint acts are the curvaint and the curvaint acts and the curvaint acts and the curvaint acts and the curvaint acts are the curvaint and the curvaint acts are the curvaint acts are the curvaint acts and the curvaint acts are the curvaint

we ratter at Uhicago, and few to be had at that. William Mason, son of Lowell Mason, is to turn to this country in August or September xt. It is Mr. Mason's intention, on his return his native country, to give concerts in the incipal cities, and it is rumorrd that he will accompanied by Herr Laub, a violinist of the st rank.

he accompanied by Herr Laub, a violinist of the first rank.

On Friday week, the farm-house of Mr. Joseph Kisher, eight miler cast of Peckakill, Westchester county, N. Y., was destroyed by first, and Mrs. Fisher were abeen in the fames. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were abeen in the fames. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were abeen proofs that the nuts Lietu. Strain's party were obliged to feed upon, during their adventurous exploration of the Isthmas of Darien, contained a strong acid, activated the strain of the Isthmas of Darien, contained a strong acid, and will result in their complete loss.

The Detroit Advertiser states that letters have been received from Lake Superior, amouncing that a mass of 150 tons of native copper has been found in the ectlebrated Minesots mine, in the Ontonagon district. The value of this mass The New York Mirror says, "There are 21 public and society libraries in this city, number-order of the property of the control of the strength of the provided when the private collections—that of W. E. Barton unabers over 17,000 volumes, mostly bottom over the steep of the strength of

works and editions."

It is said there is a Madame De L. in New York, who is taxed for \$14,000 of real estate and \$1100 personal, and altogether is worth \$50,000, who begs in the street, and lives in the greatest destitution in the garret of her own

In Upshur county, Va., a wedding came off April 6th, and the following description is given of the happy pair. "The bride is six feet three inches high, and thirty-avern years old; the groom is five feet high, and twenty years old."

A little child of Mr. U. D. Beettle, of Mont gomery, Ala., died on the 5th ult. from the ef-fects of a dose of Icotine, which had been sen from the druggist, by mistake in place of other medicine for the child.

medicine for the child.

The Russian language bears upon itself the most direct evidence of the tardiness of the nation in the race of European civilization. Its scientific terms are French, in mechanical terms Mr. Hirnst Hutchisson, president of the Baak of Hamburg (S. C.), has given five thousand dollars to the Sauth Carolina College, for the purpose of founding a scholarship to aid in the obtaction of midgent young men of meet!

The London Athensum contradicts the sistematic contradicts of the property of the contradicts of the property of the prope

Mediamo Sontag Is, it is said, to appear at Madamo Sontag Is, it is said, to appear at Nibo's, New York, in English opers about the first of August. Mr. Ullman, her agent, is now in England engaging artists to assist her. Reports from the North and West generally represent the whole state of the property of the will undoubtedly fail to a great extent. The Sixth Avenue Railroad Company in New York, have est apart care acculairely for colored people, to leave the Crystal Palace, Bar-ciety and Canal streets never bowless.

The Norwalk disaster has already cost the ew York and New Haven Railroad Company 250,000, and there is yet a considerable amount be paid.

A new race track is to be established on Long and the ensuing summer, by Mr. J. S. Car-t of New Orleans, to be called the National There are said to be sixteen thousand more omen than men in Philadelphia.

A man is oftener sorry that he spoke than that he kept silence.

The man who "took it for granted," found it something else.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Cruft, Mr. Otis B. Friend to Miss Eliza J. Whiften. By Rev. Mr. Schwars, Mr. Charles Kirmse to Miss Mina

Miss Eliza J. Whiften.
By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Charles Kirmse to Miss Mina
Ekcke.
By Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Sawyer McLaughlin to Miss
Meribah Moore.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles E. Snedecor to Miss
By Rev. Mr. Miner,

hurlow to Miss Issuesses.

In Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Intense

Miss Mary Stephenson.

Miss Mary Stephenson.

Miss Anna E. Bown.

In Kewil Hollow, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Stephen S. Bragdon

Miss Anna E. Bown.

In New Heddord, by Rev. Mr. Van Campen, Mr. John

Cheste to Miss Mariannah Silvester.

Deaths.

In this city, Sarah T. grand-baughter of Samuel H. Remich, 18, Mrs. Sarah E. Cock, wite of Mr. John S. Porcell, 23, Mrs. Babba A. Manchester, formarily of Frontier, J. Cock, wite of Mr. John S. Porcell, 23, Mrs. Babba A. Manchester, formarily of Frontier, J. Charlestowen, Mr. Bernard Campbell, 22, Mr. William Filipps, 30.

A. Charlestowen, Mr. Bernard Campbell, 22, Mr. William Filipps, 30.

A. Wrentham, Samuel W., one of Mrs. Lacy Faxon, 14.

A. Choissee, Mr. Neuris L. Challing, 25. Lacy Faxon, 14.

A. Worth Speace, Mr. Bannad Newton, 50.

A. H. Bond, Mr. Marter, Mr. J. Charlestow, 14.

A. North Speace, Mr. Bannad Newton, 50.

A. Fittedded, William W., son of Mart. Hashell, 30;

A. Fittedded, William W., son of Mart. Hashell, 30.

A. Fittedded, William W., son of Mart. Hashell, 30.

A. Limon, Mr. Delies W. Pallaur, Champell, 30.

A. K. Sant Bridgewater, Mr. Bobert Hollroot, 43.

A. Limon, Mr. Delies W. Pallaur, Chapt.

A. Limon, Mr. Depole W. Pallaur, Chapt.

A. Limon, Mr. Depole W. Pallaur, Chapt.

A. Limonde, Mr. Depole W. Pallaur, Chapt.

A. Limon, Mr. Bellen, Mr.

ackard, 61.

At Amherst, Mrs. Hannah N. Marsh, 59.
At New Salem, Miss Lucy H. Pond, 65.
At New Hampton, N. H., Esther, wife of Rev. Hira terens, 31.

Stevens, 31.
At Concord, N. H., Mr. John Taylor, 42; Miss Sarah Francis, adopted daughter or Aaron A. Palmer, Esq., 21.
At New Hartford, Conn. Rev. Cyrus Yale, 68.

BY T. D. WILEINS

Bring fragrant flowers to deck the hero's bro A chaplet twined with learnel leaves around For hundred votces sing his praises now, And victory the conqueror has crowned. Bring honor's wreaths of fragrant flowers mu But not like these his living fame shall fade:

Pring flowers to twine around the brow of you When he starts forth, the earth before him sp Let all his actions be uphaid by truth, And Fame and Fortune yield unto his tread. But let his life, like these sweet flowers be, An emblem of untarnishes purity.

Bring flowers to lay upon the locks of age
That many years have wendered silver white.
For Time has written down his life's long page, and told bla actions, whether dark or bright
Bring moss and lyry to entwine his brow,
Let kindness soothe the old man's spirit now.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NELLY:

THE BEGGAR'S BLESSING.

BY NATHAN AMES.

CHAPTER I.

er heard:
"Please, sir, the town's; my name is Nelly

Brown."

And had you asked those little girls who crowd around her and caress her so endearingly, the reason why they love her so, they would have

reason why may new clotd you:

"Sir, because she is so good and kind, and loves us so, we can't help loving Nelly Brown."

And had you asked that rosy-faced and roguish schoolboy, why he shares his peppermites and nuts with Nelly Brown, he would have answer-

senoothoy, why he shares his peppermints and nats with Nelly Brown, he would have answered you:

"Because, sir, when the teacher whips me, Nelly cries. I love her, so does every one in town; she belongs, sir, to the town."

Thus Nelly at the age of six had come to be a universal favorite—the pet of Centreville. And here our story shall begin.

It was a pleasant morning in the mouth of May. The orehards, woods and hedges all around were clothed in fresh, green leaves, and decked with many colored flowers, whose fragrance filled the balmy air and mingled sweetly with the maste of a thousand happy hirds. The dew still, sparkled on the grassy bry-path leading for a mile in length between the "home of the homeless" and the village school of Centreville, as Nelly, with her dinner basket swang upon her arm, set blithely out upon her daily journey, as innocent and happy as the birds that warbled all around her, and more sweetly as it seemed, at her approach. Singing snatches of the many pretty songs which she had learned at school, and stopping every now and then to gather dandelions, violets and clover-heads, which she intended as a present to her teacher,—Relly had already nearly reached the public road and stood upon the top stone of the wall, when lo, a miscrable man, gray-headed, ragged, filhy and unshaven, sat beneath her.

Startled by the shrick of fright which Nelly uttered, the beggar slowly visach shis head from between his hands and knoes, and gazed, with a bewildered but admiring look upon the ter-rife.

Startled by the shriek of fright which Nelly uttered, the beggar slowly raised his head from between his hands and knees, and gazed, with a bewildered but admiring look upon the terrified and trembling little being bending over him.

"O how beautiful," he exclaims! "How like-but no, it cannot be—they laid her in the cold, dark ground, long, long years ago. But O, how like! O speak to me, my little angel, tell me who or what thou art?"

"Please, sir," responded Nelly, "I am not an angel—I am only Nelly Brown. I live in the poor-bouse."

"Well! Nell.

angel—I am only Nelly Brown. I live in the poor bouse."

"Well, Nelly, you are not afraid of me, I hope, a poor old hungry beggar. I won harm you—Heaven forbid, "the old man said, with a pleasant smile upon his haggard features. "I, too, had once a little blue-ged daughter—beautiful and innocent as you—but ah," and big tears rolled down his sunken checks. Nelly was no longer afraid, but leaping down from the wall with compassionate tears in her own blue eyes, and holding out her dinner-basket to the weeping beggar:

beggar:
Are you hungry, sir ?!" she aaks.
"God knows I am. But O that I should ever
ne to this ?!"
And again the old man buried his face in his
nds and groaned and wept. Nelly still stood
fore him holding out her basket. At length
raised his head again, and pointing to a state-

ly mansion on a rise of land midway between the schoolhouse and the neighboring village:
"Who," he asks, "who lives in that proud

"Who," he asks, "who lives in that proud house?"
"Squire Houghton, sir; they are going to take me there to live with them. He is the richest man in town."
"A curse upon him and his riches!" uttered the old man, striking the ground with his staff. "A curse upon him and his house. I begged of him a crust of bread. He spurned me from him like a dog. 'Yonder, yonder,' said he, pointing to the almshouse, 'yonder is our public house for vagabonds!' A curse upon him and his riches! And you, alas, are going to live with him? No, no, I will not curse him; on, there is a God who gave him all he has. I will not curse, nay, rather let me bless him—a beggar's blessing—may he never know what it is to want a crust of bread! And may the same leggar's blessing—may hen were know what it is to want a crust of bread! And may the same great God who fills his barns to bursting, fill this little basket up some day, with something tetre than a beggar's blessing. Yes, yes, my darling, I will cat a portion of that food which Providence has sent me by—nay, Nelly, let me call you so—an angel, as you are," he said, and from the proffered basket with a trembing hand, he drew out a piece of Indian bread, and handed back the rest to Nelly.

"No, no, you need it more than me, poor man there, take it all." said Nelly, and suiting

"No, no, you need it more than me, poor man; here, take it all," said Nelly, and suiting the action to the word, she emptied her basket into the old man's lap, and then began to run

into the old man's lap, and then began to run away.

"Nay, nay, you blessed little soul, come back. I cannot rob you of your dinner—you will starre without your dinner."

"No," answered Nelly; "all the little girls will give me some of theirs—or Willy Noble will, at any rate; he brought me yesterday more cakes than I could eat, and gave my dinner to a hungry dog that came along."

"God biess you then, and Willy Noble, too. But stop, my little angel, do not run away. Is that your book!"

"Yes sir, my 'bran new' reading-book."

"Ab, let me see it, Nelly s''
Nelly handed him the book.

"And this is then your name, is it?" contin-

Nelly handed him the book.

"And this is then your name, is it?" continued the beggar, turning to the flyleaf where Nelly had written her name in Roman capitals, for she could make no other. "And you then wrote it here, yourself?"

"Yes sir, I did," said Nelly, somewhat distanced.

"Ah, Nelly, I must have this name to carry
with me—Nelly Brows," he said—and tearing
out the name he put it in his pocket. Nelly
stared awhile in mute astonishment, and then

"The school-ma'am, sir, will whip me, if my book gets torm."
"No, Nelly, no; she will not whip you. Tell her that a poor old man you gave your dinner to, tore out your name, and that an angel stook it up to heaven. Here, have you got a pencil, Nelly ?"
"Willy Noble's father keeps a store and gave im one, and Willy gave me half of it," said Nelly, pulling out the pencil from her pocket. "This is it."

The old man took it, laid the book upon his knee, and wrote for several minutes on that portion of the flyleaf which remained; then handing back the book and pencil, he added, with a smille:

smile:
"There, Nelly, keep that until you are a woman-keep it till you die."
"But I can't read it, sir."
"Your teacher can and you will learn. There
go. God bless you. You will never be the poorer that you fed a bungry man. God bless you.
Run along."

Nelly hurried on to school. Her class was

Nelly harried on to school. Her class was reading when she entered.

"Late, Nelly, late this morning—and you know the panishment," the teacher said, and taking Nelly's book to show her the place, perceived that it was torn. "And torn your book besides, you naughty little girl. What shall I do to you !"

besides, you naughty little gusdo to you it"
The big tears stood in Nelly's eyes. It seemed as if her heart would break.
"But what is this?" continues the teacher.
"Who wrote this, Nelly, in your book?"
"'Please ma'am, a begger," answered Nelly,
sobbing. "He said that he was hungry, and I
gave my dinner to him; then he tore out my
name and wrote that there."

name and wrote that there."

"And so you have no dinner—gave it all away?" resumed the teacher, with a tear-drop gathering in her eye, and gently stroking Nelly's curly head. "And you are going to do without a dinner then!"

a dinner then?"
"No, no, she she'n't; I'll bring her some
dinner," answered Willy Noble, a truly noble
looking, handsome lad of twelve. "I'll bring

"And she shall have a part of mine." "And mine," broke in a dozen voices all at once.

"And please, ma'am, wont you read us what the beggar wrote in Neily's book ?" continued Willy, twenty other voices joining him in his request. And what the beggar wrote was read to them:

Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thou shait find it by-and-by; He who does a deed of kindness. Lays a treasure up on high."

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

That was indeed a most eventful day for Nelly. The story of her generosity and strange adventure filled the town of Centreville. The children told it to their parents and rehearsed to them the unknown beggar's verse. All were load in praises of the little pauper. And what is more, the editor of the county paper heard of it and wrote a very pretty article, entitled "Nelly and the Beggar," ending with a copy of the lines from Nelly's book. She had become, in fine, a heroine. The richest man in town—the very man who symmed the stranger from his door—would probably have given many dollars to the

same, find he been sure of getting such an honorable notice in the public print. But there was not the slightest probability that such would be the case; and therefore, like the Levite and the priest of old, he passed the suffering stranger on the other side," and left the little pauper girl to win the older side," and left the little pauper girl to win the glory of "the good Samarian." Nelly hurried home that afternoon, her basket full of cakes and piess—for all contributed their mite to make up what the beggar took from herman to the man and the side of the side

most a Howard.

"Besides," muggested Mrs. Houghton, "ahe is old enough to earn her living now, and what is more, for years to come will save the cost of hiring help. And then it will be thought so liberal in us to feed, and clothe, and educate an orphan pauper in our family." And so the rich man's heart was opened, and he took the orphan in.

phan in.

Let us not suppose, however, that the proud, though kind and tender-hearted Mrs. Houghton was catticity selfah in her wish to rease. Nelly from the almahouse; she really thought and meant to better Nelly's lot. But then she knew what arguments would best prevail with Mrs. Houghton. She did not mean indeed to make a slave of Nelly—far from ite—nor yet a daughter. Three of these—that is, three daughters, not three slaves—she head already. Julies, the eldest, a preity gift of fourteen summers, was away at school; Belle, the beauty of the family, four years older than Nelly, and little Marian the baby, were the only children left at home. But Belle would soon be sent away with Julies; and Marian would then at least require some one to watch and play with her. "And who, 'thought Mrs. Houghton, "an I find to fill the place so well as Nelly Brown, the pretty, loving little Nelly Brown 1" And she was right.

And seven comparatively happy years passed lightly over Nelly in her new, adopted home. The beauty of her character and person, her industry and amiability could not, even in the high-horn family of Mr. Houghton, fail to render her a favorite. And little Marian, whose guardian angel Nelly ever strove to be and was, soon learned to love her even better than she loved her sitsers or her parents.

But after Mrs. Houghton's death, and after Juliet and Belle became the mistress of Mr. Houghton's house, a change came over Nelly's lot—a cloud, a dark and chilling cloud began to hide her san of happiness. The Houghton girls had been to her had as he been plain and ugly as they could have wished, is more than I file grant her with more and more indifference; imposed on her he hardest tasks, the most humiliang offices, and rendered her in fine, a perfectmental. If they visited, they took not Nelly with them; if they had a party of their equals, nelly was their servant. The cast-off decades of her supercillous mistresses were now the only ones that ever graced the pretty from of Nelly. How much better friends the Ho

her adopted home, prevented her from murmuring aloud.

Thus two sad years of servitude passed over her. But Nelly was no more the little pet—the Nelly Brown of other days. Time had brought her to the verge of womanhood, and now, in spite of all disparagement of dress, of origin and circumstances, Nelly was, and justly too, pronounced the belle of Centreville. And this, as you may well imagine, gained her no peculiar favor in the sight of Juliet and Belle.

"I can't endure it any longer, Juliei," said the younger Houghton to her sister, as they sat together in the parlor one Sabbath evening after church. "Nelly is becoming quite too proud—too lofty for a poor-house subject—quite. Chosen leader of the choir—Miss Brown of —; well, I can't endure it any longer. It is time, high time that she should find a more exalted atation, where her voice and eyes, and curls may have an opportunity to capitizate some one whose rank and forume shall be equal to her own! station, where her voice and eyes, and curls may have an opportunity to captivate some one whose rank and fortune shall be equal to her own! Did you notice, Juliet, how very modestly she blushed and shook those captivating curls this afternoon when William spoke to us and howed to her. Really, Juliet, I shouldn't wonder if she means to cut me out and thinks her voice and eyes and curls are worth a fortune! She is quite too, loft for her situation are worth a fortune.

eyes and curls are worth a fortune! She is quite too lofly for her situation any way! An Irish girl would suit us far better."

"That is my opinion, Belle, exactly," answered Juliet. "And if she wants to go and learn a trade—I think she had better go."

"Whether she wants to go ornot," rejoins the haughty, but the handsome Belle, "whether ers he wants to go or not, I think she better go.

But then I know she wants to go; the name and sight of almshouse do not soem to please her much of late!"

"O fudge on Marian! Marian will soon be

e away to school, and father will of cours

gone away to school, and father will of course take our advice."

"But Irish girls wont work for nothing ?"

"Trus—but then you know whateve Nelly earns till she becomes of age, will not be hers, but father's. At any rate," continues Belle, working herself up into a whitevind of passion, "at any rate, of a de on't leave the house—all is, I shall."

"Depend upon it, Belle, that I shall not oppose her going, eyes and curls and voice and all. Depend on take. But it is nearly time for William to be herse. He was to come in season to exocut as to the lecture. It is marrly time-and there," said Juliet, pointing from the parlow window where she becture. It is marrly time-and there," said Juliet, pointing from the parlow window where she becture. It is marrly time-and there," said Juliet, pointing from the parlow window where she hetters.

curls before the glass, and dances lightly to her sister's side.

"Yes, Juliet, that is William—that is he—but who—if that sint Marian and Nelly at the gate. Those eyes and curls, and—how provoking I they are always in the way—always in sight."

"We'll have them out of sight directly."

"There, they rewalking up the path together, how provoking! Well, well, don't let us notice them. Here, drop the curtain. How she blashes all how pro—there, you be playing, Juliet, and I will accidentally meet him at the door."

And thus it happened just as William reached the long piazas steps, that Bello steps upon the threshold of the door in front of him, starts in glad surprise, sulutes her lover tenderly, calls little Marian in, and looks a most unamiable look at Nelly. Nelly sees the look, and so does William chance to see it too. And from that look a sudden thought awakes within him. It is this:

"How wastly' more becoming is the modest:

a sudden thought awakes within him. It is this:
"How vastly more becoming is the modest
blush of Nelly than the haughty frown of Belle!
Nay, more, if she can frown—he never knew he
could before—on such an innocent and lovely
creature now, what may I not expect from her
myself, sometime, perhaps? But then again he
thought—the secret has transpired too late. I
have proposed, have been accepted, and—" but
now that frown has changed to most engaging
smiles. And Belle and Marian and William
enter. Nelly glides away alone.

CHAPPER III.

But who, you ask, is William? Who, but little Willy Noble, grown to be a man—a generous, intelligent and highly educated man of two-and twenty; and the plighted lover of the fair but haughty Belle. His father next to Mr. Houghton, was supposed to be the wealthiest man in Centreville—the owner of the largest sore and grandest house adjoining it. And William was an only child and heir, a favorite in Centreville, and greatly prized and petted by the belles thereof. His father's failing health demanding such a course, the young man—though unreof. His father's failing health de-manding such a course, the young man—though he had been educated for a different calling—had at length made up his mind to take his father's place in business, settle down and make a wife of Belle.

place in business, settle down and make a wife of Belle.

And thus it happened, that of late, the Houghton family were more than ever intimate with Mr. Noble's family. And everybody thought that William could not find a more appropriate better-half, considering everything, than her he had selected. William's father told him so; and so the young folks thought it must be so, predestined to be so, and so they were engaged, had been for several weeks. To say, indeed, that there was any violent attachment in the case, would not be true. And yet they always liked each other and, at length, became persuaded that they loved each other, and, at length, became persuaded that they loved each other. William thought the time had come when he should like a husband. And thus they courted one another, and all things conspiring in their favor, none against them—they were engaged. But 0 "the course of true love never did run smooth," and consequently theirs, if Shakapeare's adepoled—could not be "true;" for theirs "had run" as "smoothly" as you please.

And now within three months—or when he new addition to his father's house should be new did not he is after's house should be new did not he if a father's house should be new addition to his father's house should be

run" as "smoothly" as you please.

And now within three months—or when the new addition to his father's house should be completed, William was to take the willing Belle to be its mistress. Bat, alas, before this very week had closed, that house and store and new addition were a mouldering heap of coals and ashes. The policy of insurance had but just expired. They were a total loss, and William's wealthy father was reduced from forty thousand down to one.

"But father," interrupted William, "what if

"But father," interrupted William, "what if Belle shall be inclined to void the contract, now that I cannot falfil my part of it?" "Your part of it?" repeated the father. "You were to be my heir—you are my heir. There were no other sipulations made?" "Implied, but not expressed," rejoined the son. "You very well know, my father, that it was implied and mutually understood, that I should be heir to forty thousand, not to one thousand."

"Ay, true, my son; but do you think the ties of love alone are not enough to bind her to the

seen since then enough to make it ple

seen since then enough to make is pleasanter for me to keep away."

"Madness, William, madness, and rashness 1Go, by all means, go! Be cheerful; be a man. Your head and heart alone are with a thousand fortunes—go, my son, by all means, go!"

"To please you, father, I will go."

And William went. It was a splendid party. And William vere there—besides there were two or three strangers there, two young aristocras whom William never saw before. And Selle was listening most attentively to one of them when William entered. He howed to her; she coldily bowed to him, and turned again an eager listener to that most engaging stranger, at whose side she made is in her way to keep the greater portion of the evening. At last, however, William gained an acidience, and, wishing to decide the case at once, he led her to the window where no one could overhear.

"Bella." he said "Verness".

no red neer to the window where no one could overhear. "Belle," he said, "I see too plainly that my presence here to-night has been to you no source of pleasure. One week ago, I think, it would have been a different thing. But that is passed. You pledged your hand to forty thousand dol-lars, not to one—to William them—and not to William now."

lars, not to one—to William then—and not to William now."

Yes, well go on," said Belle, very coldly, William bit his lip, turned paler than before; looked for a little while upon the beautiful but heartless girl, and then, apparently as calm and cool as she had been, continued:

"Circumstances alter cases."

"And I am not so selfish as to hold you contrary to your wishes, to a contract which you made with me, in different circumstances—in fine, before the fire."

"Your generosity is worthy of the highest praise," said Belle; "and had I not been somewhat over-urged by others—whom I need not mention—I never should have deemed your altered circumstances a sufficient cause for receding from the contract. As it is, however, perhaps 'twee better that we part as simply friends."

"I is enough," said William, calmly. "The tie that bound us, burned spart; 'we part as simply friends,' and bowing to the soulless maiden, he left her to the more engaging and congenial company of the facinating stranger.

"William, you don't look well to-hight; you mustar't let your father's losses weigh you down."

congenial company of the fractuating stranger.

"William, you don't look will the highet; you
mustin't let your father's losses weigh you down,"
his many friends remarked to him.
William thanked them for their sympathy,
albeit he knew there was a double meaning to
their words, and pleading illness, begged to be
excused, and at an early hour withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a beautiful monlight evening in the month of September. Leaving the haughty home of the Houghtons where he had always been received before with so much deference and favor, William slowly turned his footsteps to-ward the comparatively humble dwelling where his parents had resided since their misfortune.

wor, wimam stowity turned his footsteps toward the comparatively humble dwelling where
his parents had resided since their misfortune.

"Proud and hearltess thing," he mutters to
himself. "But such is life—so goes the world.
One week ago, and I—no matter what I was;
I am, thank God, no less a man than then! I
have a head, and heart, and hands—and she
shall yet regret the day she parted from me,
'simply as a firend." The Houghton family
shall yet, with enry, look on William Noble!
I ask no greater punishment of pride than that?
But then, to be the talk, the laugh, the tunn,
the pity of the town of Centreville! Ay, there's
the rub! But I will show them yet! Ay, let
there is the rub! Houghton family. I will
show them yet, that fross alone can be consumed. My plan is formed. I leave the town of
Centreville and all its pretty aristocracy to-morrow. Let them laugh about me, but they shall
not have the privilege of laughing of me. I go
to fight my way to fortune. If I return at all,
I shall return in trimmph."

Thas the young man muttered to himself as
he strode indignantly along. He had now arrived at the very spot where Nelly, years ago,
and met the unknown beggar. Glancing up the
by-path leading toward the almshouse, he sees a
female form advancing through the monolight,
and pausing for a moment, hears the low, sweet
music of a slivery voice, and in the same direction. Sheltered by the shadow of a way-side
oak, he waits and listens to the happys ong
or apridly approaching him. At length the nightingels springs lightly to the summit of the wall
before him.

"Nelly, is it you?"

"Ab, William, how you frightened me," ex-

ingale springs lightly to the summit of the wall before him.

"Nelly, is it you?"

"Ah, William, how you frightened me," exclaims the startled Nelly, for she it was.

"Permit me to assist you down," continued William, taking Nelly's hand.

"Thank you, William—pardon me; it comes on natural to call you William, I suppose that I shall always call you so."

"Do, Nelly, do; it sounds so sweetly from your lips. Do always call me William, nothing sless," said the young man, tenderly, still holding her little hand in his. The moon, almost a bright and specified and the still holding her little hand in his. The moon, almost a bright and specified and will holding her little hand in his. The moon, almost her little hand in his. The moon hand her little hond in he was aware. He thought there was a deeper blash than usual on her rotychecks; a peculiar tremble to her delicate hand; a more bewitching sweetness to her silvery yojes, than he had ever remarked before. And then little hood, from under which rolled down those most laxuriant curls, and her simple dress and tils's shay, displayed the fairy form to such of love alone are not enough to bind her to the contract?"

"She has, to say the least, appeared extremely cold, air, since the fire."

"Appeared? and are you sure," inquires the father, "that the fault was not in you?"

"Most certainly, I think the fault was in mentate is, I am the heir of one instead of forty thousand! The ties of love that bound us, sould not stand, I fear, so great a fire! At any rate, I shall not trouble her again with—"

"Tat, tut, my son, you're over hasty now. If Belle loves you—and I think she does—shell only cling the closer to you in adversity. You had of course an invitation, their, it is true, but then it came before the conflagration. I have within a week, and probably had seen enough in Mr. Houghton's family to know that William was no longer there what he had been before the fire. And now, may be, the thought first flashed upon her, that her footlest dreams might yet be realized.

"You were not at the party, then 9" the young man said, at length.
"No," rejoined the maiden, with a cheerful voice and smile.
"And yet you seemed just now as happy as a nightingale—your long was certainly as sweet."

sweet."

"You fatter me; but then I certainly have had a happy time. Juliet and Belle were kind enough to let me have the evening to myself, to visit, as they said, 'my old companions of the poor-house."

visit, as they same, "my one-comport-house."

"Were those their words?" asked William, whose blood began to boil with indignation.

"Yes, and it was very kind in them; because, you know, I leave to-morrow, for the city—"
"Leave to-morrow ""
"Yes; I am to learn a trade. "An Irish girl, they say, "will suit them better than a native pauper."

gir, iney say, "an an mean better than a native pauper,"
"They told you so?"
"They told you think so too!"
"Most certainly I do. They are not worthy—"
"Tut, William. Belle would—"
"Never speak that name to me again I the hanghty, soulless—"
"What, William, have you not been there this exenine!"

hanghity, soulless—"
"What, William, have you not been there this evening:"
"I have paid my last visit to the Houghton family to-night. I never cross their threshold more. I too, shall leave to-morrow for the div. And Neily, may I not indulge the hope that we may there renew our old acquaintance! We were always friends, I think, and now that for-time my friendship, on account of my adversifies, I trust? We shall be lonely there, in that great city, poor, and strangers! But I detain you, Nelly, and permit me to enjoy at least, he had been compared to the property of the property of the property."

Nelly blushed and thanked him, and did not represent the property of the property of the property. The property is my did not my only permits."

Nelly blushed and thanked him, and did not reject his proffered escort to the threshold of the haughty Houghtons. William gouly drew her arm through his, and talking very tenderly hand walking very slowly, they pursued their moonlight journey, and had nearly reached the gardine reversal of the beaux and belles of Centerial country of the property and had nearly reached the gardine through the property slowly, they pursued their moonlight journey, and had nearly reached the gardine return of the beaux and belles of Centerial country in the property slowly, they pursued their moonlight journey, and had nearly reached the gardine return of the beaux and belles of Centerial returning from the party, met them. William and Nelly kere discovered and had scarcely passed, before a long, derisive laugh was heard, and some one uttered loud enough to be distinctly understood:

"The poor-house and the conflagration!"

And this was followed by another long, derisive laugh. William trembled, passed. His blood was up.
"It is too much!" he mutters. "This insult too much! I'll—wait a moment, Nelly—I will too much! I'll—wait a moment, Nelly—I will too much!" I menters.

"It is too much!" he mutters. "This insult is too much! I'll—wait a monach, Nelly—I'll is too much! I'll—wait a monach, Nelly—I'll it is too much! I'll—wait a monach. Nelly, grasping William's arm. "No, let them go. They are beachy our notice. Don't resent. They know not what they say."
"True, Nelly, true; 'they know not what they say." But they shall know, and wish that what they say had not been said. Were the in-salt meant for me alone, I could endure it—bat—"

salt meant for me alone, I could endure li-bet—"
"No, William," interrupted Nelly, "no, do not on my account. Such insults only burt the giver, and the best resontment of them is to let them pass unheeded. "I am used to it. Nay, let us rather pity them."
"Nelly, I believe you are my guardian angel, always were?" said William, pressing Nelly to his bosom. "And if, from this night of insults, you will promise ever more to be my guardian angel, I am happy."
Nelly made no naswer; but the young man knew that she was happy—that she would become his guardian angel if she could.
"And so you leave to-morrow, Nelly "
"Yea, I leave to-morrow for the city and my trade."

"All but the trade," said William, grasping Nelly's hand. "You shall not go with my con-est, at least, to learn a trade. You have al-eady learned the most appropriate, the noblest rade a woman ever learns—the art of keeping nouse—the heavenly art of making others

house—the heavenly art of making others happy."
Nelly's dreams that night were pleasant dreams. And William's sleep was sound and sweet. A manly purpose filled his soul, and made him happy.
Early on the morrow he and Nelly took the stage together for the city. And many of the beaux and belles of Centreville had many things to say about the strange coincidence. And three weeks afterwards the beaux and belles had many other thins to say about the craftin paragraph. other things to say about a certain paragraph among the list of marriages in all the city papers

"In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Splicer, Mr. Villiam Noble to Miss Nelly Brown."

William Noble to Miss Nelly Brown."

And one year after this, the citizens of Centerville again had many things to say about the new brick store and splendid mansion which a certain city merchant—name unknown—was building on the very spot where Mr. Noble's hosse and store had stood before the fire. But when the house was finished and the store was filled with goods, and when the large gold letter sign was seen one morning, with the name of WILLIAM NORLE, JR., on fir, great indeed was their astonishment; for neither William nor his guardian angel had ever entered Centreville, since the happy time in which "they twain" had been pronounced "one fleth." Nor did the great autonishment subside, until the following editorial in the country chronicle explained the mayster;

"The Brogothy's Brustyne, Many of our "The Brustyne, Many of o

mystery:
"The Beggar's Blessing.—Many of our many years ago, the story of a little orphan girl in Centreville, who, one morning on her way to school, gave all her dinner to an unknown beg-

gar. This beggar, as it seems, has lately died in England, worth some fifty thousand dollars—property which fell to him soon after his departure from America. On opening his will by order of some distant relatives who had despised him in his low estate, they were no less disappointed when they found that all his property had been bequeathed to 'Nelly Brown, of Centreville, New England—the little orphan girl, who, when I was an hungered, gave me bread, and emptied all her little dinner-basket in my lap, and in whose reading blook I wrote these lines, which I desire that she should frame and hang above her mantel-piece, and teach them to her children:

Written for The Flag of our Union.
I REJOICE.

BY MARIA JOHNSON.

JACK'S PRIZE.

A BIT OF ROMANCE ON SHIPBOARD.

JACK WALTON was one of the best hearted fellows that ever lived, and at the time when we juck him up in life be had not seen more than thirty years at the farthest. From early boyhood the ship had been his bone, and the only breezes that be could remember were such as had warfed him from point to point upon the great ocean. Jack had worked hard all his lifetime, and yet Jack was poor. He was not a libertime, now was he a drunkard. No man ever saw Jack Walton under the control of alcohol. Sometimes, to be sure, Jack pledged his friendably over a bamper of wine, but he spurned it as a beverage. Yet Jack was poor, for no man could ask him for assistance that laid within his power to give, and go away empty handed. In fier, Jack's shipmates knew his weak point, and so long as there was a shot in his locker they drew upon it. He had become used to the thing, and he seemed actually to consider his hard-earned wages as part of a common stock, for the idea of refining to divide his last dollar with a penniless shipmate had never once found its way into his head.

But poverty never made poor Jack unhappy. He was never obliged to ask twice for a berth, and many a time have there been a dozen shipmaters after him, all anxious to secure his services, for a better sailor never tied a reef-knot, or did a braver man ever stand the shock of shipwreck. Noble, generous, free, brave, and happy was Jack Walton. And he was a handsome man, too. His hair was black and glossy, and hung in beautiful ringlets over his find happy was Jack Walton. And he was a handsome man, too. His hair was black and glossy, and hung in beautiful ringlets over his find happy was Jack Walton. He had been boldness and nobleness of contour were wanted. Added to this, Jack possessed a form that was the very type of what a physical man should be—strong and powerful, yet graceful and little.

At the time of which we write Jack was second mate of the good ship "Norwood" arrived at Canton in good season, and while there the only in the same of the special contro

By the origin moneilight Jack could see the floating dress, and as all the watch were by this time upon the poop, he had not to look far for assistance.

"Here, Bill," you hold this poor mother, and on your life don't you let her go. Get down the stern-boat, the rest of you, and come after me as soon as possible. Brackett, call the other watch to lay the ship to."

On the next instant Jack Walton had leaped into the sea and was striking out for the lost child. The mother spoke nor, nor did she move, but with both hands clutched tightly around the old foretopman's arm, the stood and gazed upon the wrimmer and her child. The boat was soon lowered, and with the assistance of the other watch the ship was hove-to.

Once the mother started as though she would have broken from the grasp of her guard—twa when a sea broke over the child and hid it a moment from sight—but the thick, flowing garments which the little one wore seemed to ispread out, parachute-like, upon the water, and hold her up.

"Thank heaven! Jack has reached her," utered the foretopman. "She'il be safe now, for Jack Walton 'Il die hefore he gires her up. Ah, lady, you don't find many shore going men with uch big hearts as poor Jack's got stowed away in his bosom."

The mother looked, up into the old sailor's face, but she did not speak, and on the next, moment her gaze was again directed towards the spot upon the heaving waters where the stout sailor was struggling with her child. At length he hoat reached them, and the widow say her child lifted into it. She murmared one whisper of thanks, and then she sank upon the old sailor's boson totally unconscious of all that was transpiring about her.

When Mrs. Johnson came to herself, she was aroused by the voice of her child. Is his stored when her mind fully came to her she found herself in her own state-room, and Jack Walton stood by her side holding the child in his stout arms.

afone by the second which the mother then spoke. They were too wild, too vehement; and then the thanks which she poured out upon poor Jack. To be sure they were only in whispers—but whispers so deep, so soul-sent, so thrilling, and so quickening, that the hardy sailor—see Was seit.

pers—but whispers so deep, so soul-sent, so thrilling, and so quickening, that the hardy sailor wept like a girl.

Time passed on, and the young widow recovered entirely from the shock her nerves had received. Things went on as before, save that she oftener sought he side of Jack Walson when he was upon the poop. And little Lizzie—for so the widow's child was called—used to hang upon Jack's arms with a fondness seldom shown save by a child was called—used to hang upon Jack's arms with a fondness seldom shown save by a child was called—used to hang upon Jack's arms with a fondness seldom shown save by a child widow, but he never replied to them. Once Bill Haples expoke more plainly:

"Jack," said he, "if that woman knew you as well as I do, she wouldn't be long in makin' a life-splice of it."

"What," returned Jack, "she mate with such a poor sick as I am ? If you love me Bill, don't never say anything like that again."

Poor Jack turned away as he spoke, for there was a tear in his eye, and he would hide it.

At length the ship arrived in New York, and Mrs. Johnson's first movement was to send a letter to a mercantile firm in the city. On the next

At length the ship arrived in New York, and Mrs. Johnson's first movement was to send a letter to a mercantile firm in the city. On the next day a beat came alongside—for the vessel had not yet been harded up to the wharf—and brought a note for the widow. She was seated upon the poop when the received it, and by her side stood Jack Walton, who had been pointing out some of the localities in the bay. There was a tear in her eye, but she soon wheel it away, and then she looked up. "Alas," she said, "death has been busy in the great city. I have not a friend left. No one now that knows me—no relative—no acquaintance."

uaintance."
"It's hard,"

"It's hard," ventured poor Jack, "but a brave heart can live. It's been now twenty long years since I knew the love of a relative." Little Lizzie seemed to comprehend that there

Must brouble.

"Mama," she said, placing ber little dimpled hand upon the arm of her parent, "does it make you feel bad to go and live in a great house once more 3"

"No, Lizzie. I shall be glad."

"O, and so shall I. Then Mr. Walton wont have to work all the time, and he can hold me in his lap and tell me stories, can't he?"

Poor Jack trembled like a leaf. Those prattling words had struck a deep chord in his bosom.

his lockers all fall, and just such a wif! as that to stand watch an' watch with ye through life. Eh, Jack '!'

But Jack did not answer. Perhups he was thinking of how many years he had lived aloos—how men's more he had throw a wary,—and perhaps he looked off shead to see what hopes he had in the future. At any rate, he was silent, and in a few moments more he wate off to the wheel.

One bright, whrm, moonlight summer evening, after the ship had been at sea about two weeks, Mrs. Johnson was upon the poop with the relial.

There was considerable of a fresh breeze, and as the ship had to see that hope was the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had the special to the ship's was the ship had the special to the sea and the ship's was the ship had been at sea boot two weeks and the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, the ship had been at sea about two weeks, and as all the watch were had to ship the ship had been at sea about two weeks, and as all the watch were had to ship the ship's wake.

By the bright moonlight whe wates that followed in the ship's wake.

By the bright moonlight Jack could see, the floating dress, and as all the watch were by this time upon the, poop, he had not to look far for assistance.

The weeks and was all the watch were by this time upon the, poop, he had not to look far for assistance.

The weeks are all the watch were by this time upon the handsord the watch were and ber child. The boat was son lo

ton's knee, and hear him tell of the adventures that befell him inhis wanderings about the world.

A REASONING FOX.

A certain Jagare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox causiously making his approach towards the stump of another the students of the sufficiently make the sufficiently near, he took a high old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high after looking around a while, hope of the sum of th

ABOUT THE LETTER J.

ABOUT THE LETTER J.

Many poople in writing the capital J, make no distinction in form from that of I; or if they do, it is so slight that most people would be at a loss to distinguish the two, unless the letter is accompanied by the whole word. Such indistinguishes the whole word, such indistinguishes the whole word, such indistinguishes the such a constant properties of the word of the

CONFIDENCE.

You say you have confidence in the plaintiff,

"You say,"

"Smith!"
"State to the court, if you please, whas "tis feeling of condidence."
"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eath house mee, an' I used to kinder think—""
"Veree mind what you thought—tell as what "veree mind what you thought—tell as what """
""" see S. I, give'

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cooken's shop, an' set to the waiter, waiter, set I, give's a weal pie."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, sir, benn, fr. Cooken comes up, and set he, how day. Smith, what ye goin to hev?

"Weal pie," set I.

"Good," set he, "I'll take one, tu;" so he sets down and, eats one of his own weal pies from the sets down and eats one of his own weal pies.

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, when an eatin' house keeper sets down sfore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man can refuse to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."—N. O. Picagune.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attraulou to exactness in compasser. Good compassers are deabless farnished to all better than the compassers are deabless farnished to all better than the compassers are deabless threshed to all better than the compassers are deabless by a diaregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange is action. Captain Shan-nonvaluted to us a curious instance of a derange-annual control of the compassers of the compassers. He caused all the compassers of the compassers and compassers of the compassers and compassers of the compassers and compasse

from land, and yet here it was running full in shore. To all concerned, the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on any ordinary principle to be accounted for. The ruth at length dawned on the captain.

It is not be accounted for the ruth at length dawned on the captain.

It is not to be accounted to the compasses in the ship to be ranged on deck; and clerangement of the compasses in the ship to be ranged on deck; and it was soon perceived that not two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be at a certain apot close to the funnel of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause? It was of brass tracing the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tabe had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him. There, in that pattry iron tube, was the whole cumutation of the order of the contraction of the contracti

AFRIL FOOL.

Will any body tell us, whence the custom came, which makes everybody ray to fool everybody on the first day of April! We saw a funny thing on that day down in Green Street. Did anybody ever see one pass by an old hat on the sidewalk, without giving it a kick! We do not believe such a thing ever happened. Well, a wag make, a tittle amusement, on all fools' day. He procured a boulder of some twenty pounds or more, and laying it on the sidewalk, placed it over an ancient weather boaten hat. The first person who passed that way war as joil, rollicking young to travel;" as he came opposite the hat, so tempingly in his way; he gave it a rousing kick, expecting of course to see it go skiving into the street. But it didn't move, and he picked up his toe in both hands, hopped about, and became emperpersarior of the joke dolge around the corner. A moment after a gentleman came that way with a cricket clabor his shoulder; he brought it down with a swoop against the hat, expecting to see it take a hoist over the lamp-post on the adjacent kace ha his rowder, he brough it down with a swoop against the stone, flew half way across the trung against the stone, flew half way across the street, and the striker fell to dancing about, blowing his fingers as if they were cold, and using a good many words not found in any religious work of the day. We staid long enough to see a dozen concealed the boulder, and every time the attacking party got the worst of the bargain.—Albany Recister.

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E. K. WOODWAR



TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

And faster, faster flow the tears
Like torrents, down my cheel
could not stay them, if I wo
While of the dead I speak.
He was the youngest of us all,
The dearest, and the best;
Yet in the sumy morn of life
He sieeps, and is at rest:

Ab, little did I think, brother,
When we were forced to part,
That sorrow such as this would cot
And settle on my heart;
Yet so is is—a little mound,
On the old burial hill,
Will tell thee of the angulat deep
That doth my bosom fill:

Come home, and we will go and weep
Together o'er the grave
There little brother lies asleep,
And where the wild flowers wave!

We are sad when thinking of
Our broken household band;
Thy wilt thou roam? brother, come
We long to grasp thy band.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE KINGDOM OF THE SEA.

BT GILBERT LE FEVRE.

FAW back in the records of time gone by, the fairy-like blands that are interspersed over the glassy surface of the South Pacific were much more numerous and more closely joined, both in their geographical relation and in their grovernment, than at the present date, being in fact as far north as latitude 30° and as far south as 70°, governed by only two kings, whose locations or capitals were situated at the two extremes of north and south, while the limits of the territory subject to each other was a line drawn in a parallel of latitude equi-distant from the abode of each potentiate. Time, the great devastator, has changed all this, and now a race of poor unitatored and savage people inhabit these islands, but from whence they come no one can say. Sufficient to the furtherance of our story, that the race of people who inhabited these delightful islands of a summer sea, at the time of which we write, were entirely unlike those now found in the comparatively few remaining isles which the struggles of ocean and the power of hidden volcanoes have spared.

struggles of ocean and the power of hidden vol-canoes have sparzed.

Zonui was the proud, rich and famous king of the southern group, and his empire of islands, like those of the Adriatic, forming Yenetian ter-ritory, was grouped together within camion shot, for leagues upon leagues extending north-ward, with a scattered breadth of fifteen leagues. ward, with a scattered breadth of fifteen leagues. Here were arist and refinements in all their perfection; here were practiced laws and games, and amusements, all calculated for a highly refield on the first of the second of the control of the control the second on the second on the second on the second on the second of the control of the second on the second on the second of the second on the second of the second on the second of the second of

"Your majesty, yes."
"And what word do they bring ?"
"And what word do they bring ?"
"They do tarry but for a few moments for needed rest, your majesty, having met with severaw weather, and will soon report themselves before you," replied the attendant.
"The well. So they had storms and ovil "arreculs ?"

currents ""

"Your majesty, yes, and were blown far to
the east, even to the confines of that large island
of which your majesty has often heard. And
they report its surface as growing larger
monthly."

"This strange, the reports I hear of that growing island; it must be already vest in size."

"It is so described by the couriers, your
majesty."

"It is so described by the couriers, your majesty."

The kings' carriers referred to had been sent on a message to the court of Nolwive, and in returning in their balloon, had been driven by a storm to the eastward, where they had overlook of the large desolate island that has since grown into the continent of North and South America, which will explain the attendant's allasion. But a few moments elapsed when the couriers referred to entered and bowde before the king, unrolling a golden leafed parchment adorned with characters of bronze and a huge scal. The king perused it for a moment with evident satisfaction, and said:

"So the gracious and noble Nolwive assented to all of our proposals, as to the union through our children of this divided kingdom, and that the groups shall thus be made one kingdom *1"

"Your majesty, he did; and moreover, in accordance with the wish expressed in your communication, will send his daughter, the noble and worshipfal Affy, under proper escort, to your majesty's capital, to wed our royal Prince, Zonni II."

"It is well; and the noble young commander of our guard of honor shall accommander.

Your migesty's capital, to wen out to fair frince, Zomii II."

"It is well; and the noble young commander of our guard of honor shall accompany the escort sent to conduct her hither."

As the reader will at once guther, Nolwire, king of the north, was possessed of a daughter, an only child, and princess of the group north of Zonui's kingdom. The latter monarch had also an only child, a son on whom he had already conferred the title of Zonui II., and who he resolved should succeed him on the throne; and knowing well the domestic situation of the king of the north, he had long secretly heriside also an only child, a son on whom he had already conferred the title of Zonui II., and who
he resolved should succeed him on the throne;
and knowing well the domestic situation of the
king of the north, he had long secretly cherished
a wish that the entire and immense group of
islands, now forming two distinct kingdoms, might
he consolidated, their interests merged into one,
and his well-beloved son be declared ruler over
all. This long cherished hope he had now
broken by the diplomatic agents he had sent to
the northern king, who, after giving the subject
due consideration, returned a favorable answer;
and though these young people had never seen
cach other, they were thus, through their parents,
affianced at once.

"Come hither, Olwi," said the king to the
youthful commander of his body guard, who in
virtue of his office, stood in waiting.

The noble young man, son of the prondest
peer of the land, and a youth reared in all hypoorable proficiency, knelt before the king to receive his commands.

"Add this star," continued the monarch, "to
thy breast, and wear it as a knight of the order
of the Ocaan, the highest degree that one of thy
age can receive. Out by vay in the fleet I often
age can receive. Out by vay in the fleet of thy
age can receive. Out by vay in the fleet of thy
age can receive. Out by vay in the fleet of the
age can receive. Out by vay in the fleet of the
outer of the long of the order
the capital of our good brother, the King obovive. Bear him this letter, and he will accredit
thee as personal escort to our son's bride, whom
thou wilt con-luct hither."

"Your majesty's wish is
his servant's law,"
replied the handsome youth, regarding the glittering diamonds that formed the stay in the
subject profice when the subject profice of the
rely upon your.

The young officer bowed low, and withdrew
to full the high and honorable mission which

regucts use nanasome youth, regarding the glitcirng diamonds that formed the star of order
just presented by his sovereign.

"Be discreet, you know our will, and that we
rely upon you."

The young officer bowed low, and withdrew
to fulfill the high and honorable mission which
was entrusted to him.

A period of some weeks has intervened since
the young officer received his mission, and in
the pursuance of our story the reader must go
with us now far northward to the capital of King
Nolwive, entering the presence chamber of the
monarch, where he is now giving audience to a
young officer, dressed in the imperial uniform of
his royal friend, King Zonni. The noble youth
standa before the throne, presenting a figure of
most perfect mould, perhaps a little slight in development, but graceful and admirable in form,
—his high forchead bespeaks manly inteller,
and his quick, flashing eye, spirit. His finely
shaped mouth erineas firmness and decision of
character, and a noble glow of vigor and health
is upon his check. As one looked upon him
then, he would be apt to say, "a dangerous messenger hath thy royal masser sent to do convoy
for a young pride?" A young woman would
have found it difficult to look uninterestedly
upon him as he stood thus before the throne.

Was it the pleasant, gentle, and bewitching
glances of the princess Affy, who sas by her father's side, which caused a heightened color in
the young officer's checks? J At the banquet that
night, the king gave his daughter to the royal
messenger as a partner in the dance, and when
the gliddy mase was over they walked away together to the grateful shade of palm and orange
trees, and vines of fragrant heilotrope, where
Olwi found himself entranced by the sweet voice
by his side, until he almost trembled with agitation; was he fulfilling honorably the mission
of his king? Affy, tender as a drooping lify, gentle, hoving, confiding, felt as though she had
known her new companion for years. Her father had placed all confidence in him, had be
her dance w

music, and now listening to soft strains of lutes within her father's halls. Could Olwi, however carnestly warned by a sense of duty and of honor, withstand such tenderness, such confiding kindness? Could he keep whole his heart, in the face of such temptation to devotion and love! If he could have done so, he would have been more than mortal. But there was one thing he could do; he could keep his own secret, worship in silence at the shrine before him, do his duty by the king, and then—what then? Why, he had at least preserved his honor. This is the charitable conclusion that the reader will doubt less arrive at in the officer's behalf.

"Gentle Affry, we sail for the south to-mor-

and at least preserved his honor. This is the charitable conclusion that the reader will doubt-less arrive at in the officer's behalf.

"Gentle Affy, we sail for the south to-morrow, your honored father tells me," said the young officer.

"It is the day appointed, and O, but for your companionship, I should almost tremble to go." The young officer started and trembled at this innocent admission on the part of the princess, who had most unwritingly but trathfully spoken from her pure and guileless heart.
"But you are going to meet one who will have a right to profect you, and who will supply all to you that is left behind. Do you forget that, gentle Affy?"

"Will you be there?" she asked quickly.

"I belong to the court," was the guarded answer of Olwi.

For a moment the gentle girl paused thought-fully as if a service of the part of t

"I belong to the court," was the guarded answer of Olve.

For a moment the gentle girl paused thoughtilly, as if a sudden light was breaking in upon her mind; she saw within her own heart, that estituation was a dangerous one. Olvi, who was designed as her protector, was the most dangerous person with whom she could be placed. Inexperienced as she was, she realized this, and turning away sought a solitary spot to commune alone with her own troubled heart. Her maid stood hard by regarding her mistress with tender interest, and wondering at her sorrow, while there was such apparent happiness in store for her. Could that simple maid have read the princess's heart, she would have thanked heaven that she was the servar with a light heart, rather than the mistress with such heaviness of soul.

heaven that she was the servant with a light heart, rather than the mistress with such heaviness of soul.

A grand fete was given by the king on the occasion of his daughter's leaving her home to become a bride, and the ceremonies were on even a grander scale from the fact that they partook in a large degree of a national character, as the ultimate result of the connection about to be formed would be the consolidation of the two kings doms into one. But although Affy was the queen of all this revelry, and joined in it, yet her heart was not in unison with it. The old king, merry with wine, could not fail to mark her want of spirits, and taxed her with dulness.

At last the parting came, the old king wept bitterly over the loss of his tenderly loved daughter, as he gave her in charge to Olwi, and Affy too, was sad enough, and weyed and clung the father's neck, but he vessels spread their wings and hore her far away.

The passage was a long one, and at that season the currents set northward, both of tide and wind, and the progress of the fleet was slow indeed. All this while was passed by Olwi, and Affy the princess, together, reading each other's hearts, and gazing nightly upon the illumined sky, and the mirro-like ocean. Island affer island was passed, day after day went on, until there came one of those ferce hurricanes that sometimes sweep so fearfully over these regions the grand and wrecked the feet, leaving only the galkon, in which was the princess and her said, affoat. The rest perished, many of them in Olwi's very sight.

The fierce gale blew them far off their course, and the elements seemed combining for their destraction; the vessel in which they were was strained and taleaked fearfully, while many of the

and the elements seemed combining for their de-struction; the vessel in which they were was strained and leaked fearfully, while many of the rew and those on board had been washed into the sea to reside.

the sea to perish.

Fearful was the fate that seemed to await them
all. They offered up their prayers and prepared
for death, all save Olwi, who showed himself
equal to this trial. He gathered a few of the equal to this trial. He gathered a few of the affrighted men about him and set them to work to build a raft, for well he knew that the vessel could not much longer float. A few helped him, but the greater portion preferred to give up to despair, and clustering in a group forward, they were by a sweeping wave washed into the sea all together, and perished. It was a fearful thine

nung.

"Cheer up, gentle Affy," said Olwi, at the most fearful and dreary moment; "cheer up, the sky is breaking to the west and we may yet be saved. Do not despair. There is sun behind the clouds."

the say is oftending to the week and we may yet be saved. Do not dispair. There is sun behind the clouds."

"Ah, you do but labor in vain," she sighed; but yet abe smiled sweetly upon him, and he worked with renewed effort.

But six souls-out of that noble ship's company were now left, Affy and her maid, Olwi, two seamen and a page. The leaking ship had so settled in the sea that the rest, in their exposure on deck, had been washed away.

The raft was formed. Affy and her maid were lashed to it securely, some small amount of dried bisecuit and vine was also secured and placed upon the raft, and the vessel having now sunk even with the sax, he raft was easily floating sunk. But the promise of the western sky was fulfilled; the wind, as though satisfied with the mischief it had done, quietly subsided; the sea went down and the wrecked princess and her followers were floating upon the broad bosom of the Pacific, not quite powerless, for Olwi had secured oars and a jury mast, so that he reared a small call and could steer the raft in its slow progress. He had taken care also to secure a compass, and though not a great adopt in maritime matters, he showed very clearly that he was not ignormant of the theory of defining a ship's course, her latitude and longitude at sea, and consequently knowing whither to steer for the land.

These points decided upon, he placed a man

the land.

These points decided upon, he placed a man at his temporary helm and the sail took care of itself; the raft slowly drifted and sailed in the direction of the island, but the progress made was fearfully slow, and the exposure and suffering of the party very great. With an arm about

Affy, Olwi supported and cheered her, denied himself food and drink, for there was but little of either, that her share might be the larger, and made her partake of his portion though she knew it not. Strange, that in that hardship to be borne, the two stout seamen were the first to give out; the one dying the fifth day and his comrade the sixth. Next the poor boy—the page, fell a vicini no hunger and exposure. Up to this time Olivi had secreted food so that Affy might always have a larger portion than the rest, and had denied, as we have said, himself, constantly, but now he feared that he could not himself survive, unless he partook of some nourishment.

self, constantly, but now he feared that he could not himself survive, unless he partook of some nourishment.

Thus influenced, he drank one swallow of wine and ate one half a biscult with Affy and the maid on the eighth day; it was the first monthful he had eaten for three days. He ate it slowly, only small particles at a time, that the food might last the longer and be more nourishing. Affy, the constant care of himselt and the maid, had been better austained. A sudden flaw of wind had carried away their sail, and now they floated entirely at the mercy of the waves; but the food, small as it was in quantity, had greatly revived him, and he could see that though the raft drifted but slowly, yet it was in the right direction, and he yet hoped for time-by succor. Affy was sitting close by Olwi's side, resting her head upon his arm, and thus the poor sufferers slept. How long they slept they knew not; but when they awoke, a night had intervened, and the morning sam was shining in all its splendor upon the scene. Was it possible, did their eyes deceive them? No, there was the apital of the southern kingdom, and yonder is Zonuïs palace, and hither comes a score of the king's boats to rescue them.

"Why cling you so to me, genule Affy?" ask-act ollow, as the trembling girl drew nearer to his side at the sight we have described.
"It his."

"The capital of Zonui ?"

"It is."

"The capital of Zonui?"

"The same."

"The same."

"The same."

"Separated, gentle Affy," said Olvi, "what mean you?"

"Ay, we are to be parted here, for yonder lives the prince, my future husband. Alsa, alas, bester were death with thee, Olvi, than honor, and riches, and station with another."

Olvi could say nothing—he pressed the lovely Affy to his heart, while his manly lip quivered, and ere he could regain his self-possession sufficiently to speak, the boats had reached them, and the three survivors were taken into one and swiftly transported to the shore.

Most providential had been their deliverance—another night of want and exposure would have ended the lives of them all.

Affy and Olwi were at once borne to the king's palace, where all that seience and kindness could do was lavished upon them; it was several days before either was sufficiently recovered to walk, and when they did so, it was in the open palace gardens, where they had strolled by permission of their physi-ian, to breathe the air after a confinement to their sick beds. In a sweet arbor near the palace entrance, they met again. Affy was scated on a couch of vines and leaves, in the arbor, when Olwi came in sight. Kissing to her ete the real missantly to him. Then checking near the passec entrained, they me again. Any was scated on a couch of vines and leaves, in the arbor, when Olvi came in sight. Rising to here feet she ran instantly to him. Then checking herself and blushing, she extended both hands, which Olwi pressed to his lips tenderly, while tears from his eyes bedewed them. Affy looked into his face and seemed to read his soul for one moment; in the next she threw hereal fit into his arms, and sobbed like a child. "O, Olwi, I know not what will be my fate, but I can never marry the son of Zonui; my heart is yours. You saved my life, protected me through fearful dangers, and now, how can fate separate us ? Olwi," said the lovely girl, suddenly, "do you love me?"

"Better than life—than aught on earth," he said.

"Then will I be thine !"

"Then will I be thine!"
"What, Affy, against thy father's hopes and
the hope of thy people ?"
"Yes."
"And be the bride of an humble soldier?"
"Yes," said the gentle Affy, clinging closer
to him.

to him.
"But the king will give you his son, and you will be queen of all these vast lands and people; the northern and the southern kingdoms will be formed into one, and you will govern them."
"Ah, what care I for them?"
"And you will forget all for the humble Olwi?"

"All, and more were it offered to me."

Olwi "
"All, and more were it offered to me."
"Then Affy, you shall indeed be my bride; and dear one, no longer call me Olwi, but Calde, the son of Zonui!"
"Thou the prince, my affianced busband ""
"The same," replied the lover, folding her in his arms. "It was but to try thee that I adopted the disguise of one of my father's faithful followers. To see if one whom I knew not, was such an one as I could truly love; to see if she would love me rather for myself than tor my rank and station; in short, Affy, to test a love that I feel if it proved true, I could return as I now love thee!"
Affy had no words with which to reply, but her yes were more eloquent than tongue can ever be, and together, they sought the presence of the ruse that had been practised by his son, and aljust forgiven the true Olwi for his disobedience of orders in permitting his son, Prince Calde, to assume his character and trust.
So delighted was the king of the north at the fluirearce of his well-belored child from the fearful dangers she experienced, that he insisted on making the southern vowage and visiting the

deliverance of his well-beloved child from the fearful dangers she experienced, that he insisted on making the southern voyage and visiting the King Zonui on the occasion of the bridal feer, which soon took place, binding two hearts in form that were already one fit love. The old kings soon addicated, and the noble Cadde Zo-nui II. reigned king over the whole group of the kings soon abdicated, and the noble Calde Zo-nui II. reigned king over the whole group of the north and south, finding his greatest happiness in the domestic pleasure of a home of which Affy was the brilliant star.

Jester's Picnic.

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village on the subject of temperance, and, as usual, after the lecture, pledge was passed round for signatures.

"Pass it along that way," said the lecture, pointing toward aging of bloaded and red nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a best best and the second country of the second country of the second country."

cause."
"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.
"Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers, that do not bite."

Lord Mansfeld, when on the circuit at Shreun-bury, having been asked to dinner by the Mayor of the town, his lordship observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the Mayor, "That he supposed Sir John Falsatif flought by that clock," to which the Mayor replied, "He is the supposed Sir John Falsatif flought by that clock," to which the Mayor replied, "He is the supposed of the supposed of the supposed in Sir John." John Mayor law of the supposed of the host on another subject, and remarked—"That the town appeared very old," to which the Mayor replied, "R always was so, please your Lordship!"

As an acquaintance of ours was coming home to dinner the other day, he met a stout buck as gro carrying a large copper wash kettle, which our friend knew to be his own, and charged the colored gent with taking it from his back yad. "Yes, boas," said the accused, "I was only taking un to be pump to get a drink of water you don't like to trust me dat fry, take your you don't like to trust me dat fry, take you when the color."

"Don't lay in that postur", my dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretch-cd upon a soft, with his heels a foot or two dupon a soft, with his heels a foot or two yourself upon and put this pillow under you. I knew a young man once who had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of his laying so—his brains all run down into his heal!" and with this admonstrate, and the layer of the layer o

We never much admired the church warden's wife, who went to church far the first time in her life, because her husband was church war-den, and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered; and she said, with a sweet, confescend-ing smile, "pray keep your seats, Indies and geathemen; I think no more of myself than I did before."

A lady being in want of a cook, a few days since, advertised for one in the Philadelphia Ledger, and was waited on by any quantity of women wanting situations. Amongst them was one, who, on being asked some questions, cut them short, with "Never mind about m, unarm, let me see first if the place will suit me, then you can inquire about me afterwards."

Chips attended a grand soirce the other ning, and a friend of his—a glover, by the —requested him to notice the beautiful among the company—but Chips didn't take, looking around among his moustached frie he said—"I don't see any kirls, but I s tremendous quantity of goats here."

An old bachelor geologist was bossting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alpha-bet. A lady, who was present, declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly jo-norant. "Name it, madam!" cried Celebs in a range. "It is rock the crudle, sir," replied the lady. Celebs evaporated.

Great place for fun in Mexico. The girls and boys do nothing but play till they are twenty-one. They then marry, and spend the rest of their days in visiting country cousins, smoking, cating soup and going to mass. For a free and easy style of folks, you may put the Mexicans in the front sear.

When it was rumored that the Czar h the furniture, chairs, tables, etc., of it 1 Minister, one person asked another did not think the Emperor insane;— are the most ehair-i-habe construction in," replied the wag.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be such a difficulty in passing them?

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